

Seventh Year of Publication

Reader's Digest

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NO. 84

APRIL, 1929

25c a Copy

\$3.00 a Year

The Bookman's Monthly Score

From *The Bookman* (February, '29)

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

GENERAL

1. Strange Interlude	Eugene O'Neill	LIVERIGHT
2. Mother India	Katherine Mayo	HARCOURT, BRACE
3. John Bown's Body*	Stephen Vincent Benét	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
4. Napoleon	Emil Ludwig	LIVERIGHT
5. My Life	Isadora Duncan	LIVERIGHT
6. Disraeli	André Maurois	APPLETON
7. The Royal Road to Romance	Richard Halliburton	BOBBS-MERRILL
8. Goethe*	Emil Ludwig	PUTNAM
9. Lincoln*	Albert J. Beveridge	BOBBS-MERRILL
10. Trader Horn	Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis	SIMON & SCHUSTER
11. The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism	George Bernard Shaw	BRENTANO'S
12. Safari	Martin Johnson	PUTNAM

FICTION

1. Old Pybus*	Warwick Deeping	KNOPF
2. Silver Slippers*	Temple Bailey	PENN
3. Swan Song	John Galsworthy	SCRIBNER'S
4. All Kneeling*	Anne Parrish	HARPERS
5. The Children*	Edith Wharton	APPLETON
6. The Bridge of San Luis Rey	Thornton Wilder	BONI
7. Harness*	A. Hamilton Gibbs	LITTLE, BROWN
8. The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg	Louis Bromfield	STOKES
9. Brook Evans	Susan Glaspell	STOKES
10. Silas Bradford's Boy*	Joseph C. Lincoln	APPLETON
11. The Greene Murder Case	S. S. Van Dine	SCRIBNER'S
12. Bad Girl	Viña Delmar	HARCOURT, BRACE

*This title did not appear in the Monthly Score last reprinted in *The Reader's Digest* (January issue).

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC. Pleasantville, New York

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Published Monthly, 25c a copy; \$3.00 a Year (Foreign, \$3.25)
Two-Year Subscription, \$5.00 (Foreign, \$5.50)
(No extra charge to Canada)

A Braille edition of *The Reader's Digest* is published monthly by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky

Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Pleasantville, N. Y.,
under act of March 3, 1879

Additional entry at Post Office, Concord, N. H. Copyright, 1929, The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc.
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A., BY RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.

The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines,
in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Seventh Year

APRIL 1929

Vol. 7, No. 84

The Flaming Youth of the Ages

Condensed from The Mentor

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, general of the army of Italy at 26, first consul of France at 30, self-crowned emperor at 35, is a figure to stir the imagination. But think of Alexander the Great of Macedonia, Greece, Persia, India and Egypt, who began at 12 by conquering the fiery steed Bucephalus, after the most adroit horsemen of the Macedonian court had failed; who, at 20, started to conquer the world, symbolizing his ambition by cutting the Gordian knot; and who died at 33, having realized his dreams, having committed every conceivable crime and having exhausted every possible human emotion. In his greatness and in his infamy Alexander, or Iskander Beg, as he was known to the East, was the flaming youth of all the ages.

Alexander flamed from the cradle and before. His mother, Olympias, saw in her prospective son her revenge upon her husband, Philip. "Last night I dreamed I gave birth to a young lion. He swallowed you at one gulp. Then, taking one end of Macedonia in his teeth as if it were a mere rag, he ran with it over mountains and valleys, across rivers and seas, into Asia." Such was the ominous prologue to the stupendous drama of Alexander. Philip at first dreaded the coming of his heir and essayed to drown his thoughts in orgies of wine and carnage. But when the baby was presented to him fear turned to pride. To educate Alexander in statecraft, and to help mould him for the duties of kingship, Aristotle was brought to the Macedonian court.

Philip died; the epic of Alex-

ander began. Persia crumbled before his victorious march. There was a critical moment when his army was weighted down by the spoils of gold and silver and precious stones. Alexander gathered all the plunder in one huge pile and set fire to it. The soldiers, at first furious, soon realized the wisdom of their leader. They walked lightly again. Their feet had suddenly become winged. The conquest of Persia served only to whet Alexander's ambition. Beyond was India, an unknown land, reputedly of enormous wealth. It was in India that he attained the supreme heights of human grandeur. Behold his triumphal procession! Hundreds of white elephants with gilded tusks; Bactrian cavaliers riding their mounts backward; enormous bulls with jeweled horns; troops of black elephants; red camels; henna-dyed horses; finally Iskander in his chariot, as broad as the road, drawn by four rows of black stallions, ten to a row. Iskander, sitting on an ivory throne, was surrounded by 400 free male lions.

That he should pass as a god he had the roads strewn with blossoms and hung with festoons. He proclaimed himself ready to conquer the stars. "I am my own law. I am wind and light em-

bodied; born from the breath of God upon fire."

Alas for the futility of human ambition! If he conquered the East, the East also conquered him, by instilling its poison into his veins. Winning the world he could never win what he wanted most. He knew that those that were prostrating themselves before him were whispering the word "barbarian" behind his back. Above all, he might conquer but he could not win the love of the woman he most desired, Statira, the daughter of the Persian king Darius.

Terrible is the picture of Iskander's last days. The prostrate East was avenged; its insidious poison was working, transforming the genius into the madman. Reason fled with the death of his boyhood friend, Hephaestion. Glaucias the physician was crucified on the lid of the bier that held the corpse. Iskander slaughtered his best horses. He strangled his slaves with his own hands. He burned down villages and towns. The bodies of men and women did not yield enough blood to quench his thirst. He ran amuck among his elephants, stabbing and hacking.

Then, happily, the poison that had been carried across seas and over mountains from his native Pella reached him at last.

Air Flivvers and the Future

Condensed from The Forum (March, '29)

Roger Babson

FOR many years labor-saving processes and automatic machinery have tended to throw men out of work in established industries. Thus far, however, these tendencies have been largely offset by the growth of a phenomenal industry — the automobile.

Had it not been for the automobile, and its related industries, we might now be struggling with a fearful unemployment situation. Clearly, then, it is important to ask: Does this mainspring of our prosperity show signs of running down? If the activity of the automobile industry is all that is holding at bay the problem of unemployment, can we depend upon this influence to continue? Finally, if the automobile ultimately ceases to act as a spur to prosperity, will the aircraft industry take its place? Will the flivver airplane carry on for us the prosperity which the flivver car initiated?

When measuring an industry's effect upon national prosperity, the real point is not how big the industry is, but rather how fast it is growing. The latest registration figures show that there are already as many automobiles in

the United States as there are telephones — 23,127,315 cars and trucks. During recent successive years the percentages of annual growth in registrations have run about like this: 23 percent, 17 percent, 14 percent, 10 percent, 5 percent. Those figures interest me more than any mystical saturation point. They show me that for the five years under review the curve shows signs of rounding over.

Of course it is possible that the automobile industry may proceed to enter upon a new growth curve. But let us assume for the moment that the influence of this industry on prosperity is waning. Will the flivver airplane take its place?

Many of the great inventions have first appeared in crude form. To hear the early phonographs, you had to stick tubes in your ears. The horn was the key that unlocked the phonograph's greatness. Horseless carriages were an old invention. The key that opened the future of the automobile was the invention of pneumatic tires. The key for radio was the invention that made it possible to broadcast something more than code. These are examples of master keys.

Before the aircraft industry can hope to come into the same class as the automobile industry, it must find a master key. Without such a revolutionary invention, it is vain to expect a true flivver airplane. The nature of the master invention is easy to forecast. In some way it must do the job of a helicopter. The plane must be able to rise straight up, hover at a given spot, make a slow vertical descent — and possibly perform as a parachute when the power is cut off. Without such an invention, it is futile to figure one airplane for every five people in the United States. The automobile itself would still be unimportant if you had to journey to a municipal airport every time you needed your car, and if you couldn't drive it under 50 miles an hour.

Therefore, in attempting to blueprint the future, let us assume that there will presently be developed a helicopter or its equivalent. This will be the master key. Other minor key inventions may be as follows. The planes can be folded as a grasshopper folds its wings. A pontoon construction will permit landing and locomotion on water or on snow. The landing wheels may be power driven, so that it can be operated on the road like an automobile. Fundamentally this is the flivver airplane which I visualize. Granting the possi-

bility of such a design, we can foresee an industry of giant size. Moreover, it will have profound effects upon human life.

We get a glimpse of these effects by observing what the automobile has accomplished. The automobile has created the suburbs. The airplane will create the countryside. People will be able to live 50 miles from the city and still be no more distant from their offices in point of time. The resort and recreation industries will gain fresh impetus. The country is full of localities which would be well patronized as tourist centers if only within the tourist's reach.

A great reconstruction will have to be undertaken. For example, poles and wires will be recognized as obstructions and wires will be placed underground. Towering smokestacks will be replaced by power-draft systems.

An important change will be felt by the oil industry. The increased demand for gasoline will call for better distribution. It is already antiquated for gasoline to be hauled through the streets in tank-wagons. Gasoline is a liquid and advantage should be taken of a liquid's ability to flow through pipes. We are on the eve of developing a network of pipe lines, so that fuel can be on tap like water. Already trunk pipe lines are in operation from the oil fields to the larger dis-

tributing centers. Today there is more gasoline sold than electricity. The oil industry is about to become our latest public utility.

The universal use of planes would bring improvements in many directions. Maps of a new type, giving a bird's-eye view with perspective and relief yet lacking nothing in accuracy, will be required. Eyesight will probably be improved. Most of the activities of modern life tend to use excessively the short focus muscles of the eye. One of the exercises recommended for eye fatigue is to fix the gaze on some point at the extreme range of sight — just the exercise flying will give. Already the airplane has made weather *reports* insufficient — the request is for weather *forecasts*. Remember that the three steps of technical progress are: first, to *record*, second, to *forecast*, third, to *control*. It is not inconceivable that the ultimate demand will be for weather *control*.

Greater than the direct benefits from the airplane, I count the indirect benefits. This is the clear lesson we can read in the history of the automobile. Methods and commodities which were worked out originally for the automobile industry have been utilized for

other merchandise. A similar reaction may be expected for the airplane industry. For example, this industry will persistently hunt for lighter and tougher metals. Once developed, such metals will find uses in the other arts. All business will profit greatly by having a new pacemaker.

Thus far we have been talking of tangible things — materials and motions. Motions, however, are nothing compared with emotions. The airplane opens up boundless opportunities, but it also threatens limitless perils. All depends on whether we can match a new burst of material powers with an equal gain in spiritual forces.

Twenty-five years ago, an intoxicated man might tip the buggy over, but commonly the old horse would bring him home. Today, a driver under the influence of liquor maims and kills. Tomorrow, therefore, is something to ponder over. Without moral progress in pace with physical progress, the airplane will merely make dissipation more disastrous and crime more efficient. As one result of the automobile has been to put hell on wheels, the airplane will put hell on wings. On the development of character depends whether the flivver airplane shall bring prosperity or calamity.

The Freedom of the Seas

Condensed from Current History (March, '29)

William E. Borab

WE are on the eve of a naval race with Great Britain. The situation is not dissimilar to the situation existing between Germany and Great Britain from 1905 to 1914. Of course, there are assertions of utmost friendliness by both governments, with denials of any intention to engage in a naval race. That was true with reference to the expressions of the governments of Germany and England from 1905 to 1914. The fact is, however, that we are building a navy looking at England, and England is building a navy looking at us.

Commander Kenworthy, a member of the British Parliament, in a recently published book, *War or Peace*, makes statements which can be almost duplicated from the literature between Germany and England from 1905 to 1914. He says: "The European nations resent the supposed superiority complex of the United States, hate her for demanding repayment of the debts, and are jealous of her wealth. Is what I say doubted? Ask any American tourist or business man who knows Europe. If events move in the next ten years as they have

moved in the last nine years, England will stand at the head of a European federation, a federation of mutual distrust and disappointment with America. . . . In order to wring credits from Parliament, it has been necessary to point to a bogey, a menace to Britain's sea power. At the beginning of this century, France; yesterday, Germany; today, America."

The reason for this uneasiness is the status of maritime law. The legitimate foreign commerce of all nations has no protection other than that of force. This is the one thing which enables those who are interested in building great navies to argue with success the necessity of a great navy. Those who are engaged in commerce must necessarily look to their governments for protection based upon force, and the governments must necessarily supply it. Theories and plans for peace give way before the demand of vast interests for protection, and the question is, Can that protection be given by law or must it depend alone upon navies. I want to try the protection of law.

We ought, not in the spirit of antagonism, but in a spirit of

friendliness, to seek an agreement with the great naval powers as to the rights of neutrals in the use of the sea. We should make all reasonable sacrifice to avoid a great naval race.

The ocean which God in His wisdom and mercy designed for the benefit of all, man would dedicate to the strong only. Here is the wicked incentive. We should lead in removing it. Let us seek to shield our people from the unspeakable curse of a naval competitive race between the two branches of the English-speaking peoples.

Let us seek treaties with the leading nations to the effect that those who would use the ocean for legitimate commerce, for peaceful pursuits, come not behind, not subordinate, but prior to and ahead of those who would use it for war. If Great Britain and the United States and the naval powers are not willing to say that legitimate commerce can be carried the same in time of war as in time of peace, we may rest assured that nations like Great Britain and the United States, which have such stupendous commerce, will build navies necessary to protect their commerce in time of war. When we think of the amount of damage which five or six little armed vessels of Germany did to the commerce of the world during the World War, and then undertake to build a navy

sufficient to protect our commerce, there is practically no limit to which the building may go.

The sea belongs to all nations. It belongs to no one nation. It is a common of all people, and the idea which has grown up during the last centuries that any particular Power can dominate the sea and control it in time of war is so utterly at variance with all ideas of right and justice in the use of this great common that the time has come when we ought to ask the nations to come together and put aside the doctrine of the old days.

My idea of the freedom of the seas is that it is the right of neutral nations to carry on their commerce as freely in time of war as in time of peace, except when they carry actual munitions of war or when they actually seek to break a blockade. There should be a minimum of belligerent rights and a maximum of neutral rights. The idea of making anything contraband that the dominant sea power wishes to make contraband is obnoxious to the idea of the freedom of the seas.

The term "command of the seas" has become obsolescent. No nation is going to be permitted to enjoy the "command of the seas." The United States will not consent to its commerce being subject to the whim of some other power; and Great Britain

herself will soon be able to see that the old theory of the "command of the seas" will work to her detriment quite as much as that of any other nation. Suppose the submarine warfare had been carried just a little further than it was during the World War; the only salvation for England would have been the right of neutrals to carry food to her people. The conditions of warfare have so changed that neutral rights may be as essential to the preservation of England as the command of the seas was at one time.

It has been said that Great Britain would perish without her foreign commerce. The United States, if it should not actually perish, would suffer to such an extent without its foreign commerce that the American people would not for a moment abide by the result. Unless the nations reach a complete recognition of the rights of neutrals at sea, I believe that in 1931 the last vestige of the disarmament conference will be wiped out, and the two great nations will engage in building navies according to what they believe is necessary to protect their commerce. And in that event we must build not only against England, but we must build against any combination at sea that England can make; and if that were the case, the future to

me would have nothing in store save that of a fearful burden of taxation upon the American people, and possibly in the end another cataclysm like that of 1914.

There is a very strong public sentiment in England against the dominancy of the sea, which England has heretofore undertaken to maintain. But we have made no proposition to Great Britain as to the freedom of the seas; we have not insisted upon any understanding with her; we have avoided the question; we avoided it at Geneva; we refused to discuss it; and Great Britain has the absolute control of the seas by reason of our acquiescence.

The exigency of war may drive legitimate commerce from the ocean overnight. The legitimate fruits of industry may be outlawed upon the whim of the selfish edict of a single power. Could a situation be more calculated to plunge us again into a naval race, more likely to bring at last war? When nations understand that all rules have been abrogated, all law rejected, must not they all necessarily arm if they expect to trade? In the light of these conditions, is there the slightest chance for the reduction of armaments? Is there not something to be achieved ahead of any further disarmament?



Slaves of the Machine?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March, '29)

Stuart Chase

FROM pulpit, rostrum, and editorial chair rises the song to the effect that man has become the slave of his machines, even as Doctor Frankenstein was overwhelmed by the monster he created.

Let me list some of the mechanisms that I personally encounter in a day's march. The first thing I hear in the morning is a machine — a patented alarm clock. In the bathroom I shave with one mechanism, and another showers me with water. Downstairs I look at an electric motor which blows petroleum into my furnace, a motor which runs the washing machine, and a motor which operates my refrigeration engine. Meanwhile an electric range is cooking my breakfast, and on the table slices of bread are being browned by a toaster which suddenly splits open when the correct shade of brown has been attained. Before I leave the house the whine of the vacuum cleaner is already in my ears.

I go to the garage, start explosions in a six-cylinder engine, and pilot it past automatic signal lights to the station. There I resign myself to another man's operation of an enormous ma-

chine, fed by a third rail from a water turbine at Niagara Falls. Arrived at the metropolitan terminal I buy a package of cigarettes by depositing a coin in a machine which hands me matches and says, "Thank you; it's toasted." I enter my office building, and a machine shoots me vertically towards the roof. A sputter of typewriters greets me at my door.

So far as I am aware, no permanently evil effects befall me by virtue of this machine aid. I suffer from no prolonged monotony, fatigues, or repressions. I do not feel like a slave, though, of course, I may be one. No individual living in a social group is ever free, but I wonder if my mechanized hours have put more chains on me than are to be found on an inland Chinaman in a society innocent of engines. I do not think so.

But it is necessary to probe deeper. I can go to my office either in the subway or by driving my own car. In both cases I am in direct contact with a machine employed for transportation. Are the psychological effects the same? Indeed they are not. In the one case my role is entirely passive.

In the other case I dominate my mechanism and my role is psychologically stimulating.

We touch here the roots of the whole problem of machinery and man. It is obvious that certain machine contacts are as lethal as others are invigorating. To control a powerful mechanism such as an automobile is to give the ego a joy ride, the reverse of the slave psychology. To make sweeping conclusions about any process so varied is downright nonsense.

Let us concentrate for a moment upon the case of the factory worker who tends a machine with no responsibility for its control, for it is here if anywhere that the gloomy talk of slavery is merited. How many robots are there? Is a race of sub-men really being created?

As nearly as I have been able to estimate from the Census of Occupations, there may be some 5,000,000 persons in the United States whose work entails complete submission to a machine. So our possible number of robots works out to about five percent of the total population, and 13 percent of those gainfully employed. Greece in her great days had 5,000,000 freemen standing on the backs of 12,000,000 slaved. I dare you to conclude that a population 70 percent slave is more wholesome than one possibly five percent slave to the machine.

There are important additional

considerations. Our factory population has been steadily declining since 1920. There were 1,250,000 fewer employees in factories in 1928 than there were in 1923. Also, the whole course of modern technical development is in the direction of more automatic machinery, and this tends to replace machine tenders and feeders with skilled inspectors.

The fact that the robot ratio is small, and growing smaller, is not encouraging to the case of the gloomy philosophers, but it does not dispose of the case. One does not need to be a sentimentalist to recoil from the thought of working in the stokehole of a liner, or of knotting broken threads in a textile mill all day.

Mr. Ralph Borsodi gives us an excellent illustration of the many robot occupations which still surround us. In one great factory, he tells us, there is a room filled with punching machines. In front of each stands a worker, feeding it pieces of steel by hand. A lever is geared to the mechanism, and to this lever the man is chained by a handcuff locked to his wrist. As the punch comes down the lever moves back, taking the hand with it. To look down the long room is to see machines, levers, and men in unison — feed, punch, jerk back. (Yet these workers were handcuffed partly out of pity. Before the levers were installed, they were continually

losing fingers and hands under the down thrust of the punch.)

But are all machine-tenders thus handcuffed, actually or figuratively? Here, on the other hand, is a "steel bird." He is the man who rivets skyscrapers together. He is restless, adventurous, courageous, and gay. He earns big money, is a mighty spender. He may be killed, but while he lives, he *lives* — and swaggers. The power age exalts his personality. Here is a locomotive engineer, indefatigably ministering to a vast black monster. The control of this beast is not always good for his health, but no finer body of men in the sense of character and dependability was ever grown in any culture than locomotive engineers. And here is Charles Lindbergh, minding a machine over 3000 miles of ocean. I have not heard him called a robot.

It is alleged that the modern industrial worker of the class we are considering suffers from injury to the body and to the mind. The robot, we are told, is subject to a growing burden of mental maladjustments resulting in nervous breakdowns, neuroses, and psychoses.

In respect to his health this charge does not seem to be justified. It is probable that the health of the present-day worker is improving with that of the rest of the population. It is true that the health of certain industrial

groups, particularly those where the factor of dust is high, does not measure up to the community average. But the evidence is that the health of industrial workers as a class is improving rather than going backward.

We now return to the central charge — the injurious effects of the machine upon the worker's mind. Here the evidence is scantier and less conclusive.

To begin with, nobody seems to know whether mental diseases are on the increase for the total population, let alone the machine workers as a class. What every medical man is agreed upon is that mental cases now require as many hospital beds as all other cases combined. This looks, and is, serious, but it tells us little about *trend*. That great numbers of our fellow-citizens are slightly mad is only too painfully apparent; but how many were in similar sad condition in the Middle Ages, when the only engines were perpetual motion toys that would not work? When monks and nuns, cut off from the most normal of all human relations, filled their own asylums and overflowed upon the countryside? When the Holy Office was frightening the world out of its wits; and saints, devils, witches, magicians were as popular as the movies?

For many routine tasks it has been found that the feeble-

minded make the best operatives. Mr. Fred Colvin of the *American Machinist* admits that he has wept for the soul-destroying effects of the machine, and has urged the shifting of men from one routine job to another "to save their tottering reason." When he tried it there was a riot. The poor robots did not want to change, and said so loudly and clearly. Here was a man lying upon a cradle on his back under the assembly line, screwing up a bolt. He had a comfortable position and an admirable rest for his head. When the management tried to shift him, he threatened to quit. He was convinced he had the softest berth in the shop.

A man of this type is apt to satisfy his longings by recourse to pleasant daydreaming. For him no repetitive task, however monotonous, is felt as such. So long as he is not asked to change, he remains happy.

Is it not reasonably evident then that there is no ground for writing off our 5,000,000 so-called robots as psychologically a total loss? Does it not depend on the kind of man and the kind of machine? A large fraction of the whole group like their jobs. Another group, who hate their work and cannot compensate, constitute a real industrial tragedy, and no stone should be left unturned

to free them. Fortunately a stone or two is already being moved by highly ingenious methods of studying and preventing fatigue in some factories.

What our problem needs is not poetical moonshine about Doctor Frankenstein, but specific information as to where, and how, we are being hurt. So far as the above analysis has value, it would appear that talk about machinery enslaving all mankind is nonsense. Talk about workers losing their health is unfounded. Talk about workers losing their minds is very dubious.

The real dangers, as against phantom ones, lie in the fact that too many workers are being hurt in accidents, and that an unknown number are doing repetitive work for which they are temperamentally unfitted, and so tearing themselves to pieces. Rather than wail about machinery the enslaver, I suggest the creation of a strong-arm squad to deport any manufacturer who permits machines to mangle his workers, or who puts workers upon them without first testing their ability to stand the rhythm. All machines which by their basic design are over-dangerous either to body or mind, should forthwith be melted down. However efficient, they are too costly for society to tolerate.

Are Ten Too Many?

Condensed from The North American Review (March, '29)

Marjorie Wells

MANY of my friends and neighbors think that I am old-fashioned. The reason is that I have a large family, stretching already as far as the eye can reach and with the end not yet in sight. In an age when two or three children are considered the civilized and respectable achievement, I have ten to date and am still unchastened and unrepentant. I am even mildly ostentatious about it, and find a reprehensible satisfaction in projecting my oversized family like a bombshell into polite society, where it is variously greeted with congratulation, consternation, interrogation or condemnation. There are those who clearly count me as no better than a deluded female, unkindly outlawed from the pleasures and privileges of modern life by an unfortunate biological habit. There are some who would weep for me, if I gave them but half a chance. There are others who probably think me a scab and blackleg, traitor and backslider, in these days of feminine emancipation.

Especially I resent the insinuation that I am somehow related to the old lady who lived in a

shoe, who had so many children because she didn't know what to do. Moreover, the name of Margaret Sanger is not as unfamiliar to me as might be supposed. I am, in fact, reasonably sure that I know as much about keeping the stork from the door as do most of these young modernists who regard me with such a pitying and patronizing eye.

Other people may feel sorry for us because we have practically the largest and noisiest family east of the Mississippi, but we don't feel sorry for ourselves. We have a tremendously good time with our family, and we don't much care who knows it.

The trouble with all this loose talk about Birth Control is that it implies, more or less subtly, that the large family is in itself a dangerous, undesirable and even reprehensible performance. It ignores all chances that the large family may have positive and intrinsic advantages of its own, and its own rewards and compensations for all the toil and trouble attached to it. Nobody denies that there are many mothers who have more children than they know what to do with.

Everybody must agree that the world holds too much misery which is a by-product of unrestricted child-bearing, particularly now that Mrs. Sanger has filled a book with it. But it should be remembered that other books of human misery might be filled readily enough with the dreadful things wrought by tight shoes, aspirin tablets, radio sopranos and home cooking, without actually proving anything except that it is all too bad. It is a matter of proper proportion.

Every married couple must draw up its own balance sheet of debits and credits in this business of motherhood. Children are both a liability and an asset, and in order to reckon the net values of the family — natural, moral and spiritual — the parents must have an honest show-down with their own consciences and convictions. What they do about it is their own business, and should have nothing to do with the current fashions in families or the legal status of this doctrine or that. Each and all of us have our own scale of values by which we measure the worth of the pleasures, privileges, duties, comforts and satisfactions of life. Our attitude toward children will reflect pretty closely what we think and feel about these various elements.

The eugenists argue that the small family gets its full rations

of educational and other advantages and turns out a higher type of citizen thereby. The answer is that it doesn't. Other things being equal, the large family gives better social training than the small one, and offers more stimulus to imagination, enterprise and intelligence during the most critically formative years. My own children knock the corners from each other, sharpen their wits on each other, and practise the social virtues on each other. They must necessarily learn to work together and play together. They must take small responsibilities early, and their affections and ambitions have small chance to get self-centred. It is possible that they may go short some day on the high-priced privileges of education and travel, but it won't matter much. They are learning already how to find their way about and make themselves a place in the world, and they are learning it at home.

Children, it seems, are healthy and intelligent principally according to the health and intelligence of their immediate ancestors and the parental progression in mutual development and usefulness, and if there is any rhyme or reason to the matter the later child has the best chance. Concerning my own health I am equally free from anxiety.

Another argument of the eugenists concerns the economic

probabilities. To this my answer is that we have never yet been justified by our income in extending our family. We have extended the family, and then done what might be done to bring the income up to scratch. We were as financially embarrassed by one child as we are by ten, and we shall probably continue that way. Nothing in our married experience leads us to suppose that a small family guarantees financial independence or a large family forbids it; the two things simply don't have any cause-and-effect connection. We have no certainty as to what the morrow may bring forth, any more than do our more cautious neighbors, but we are sure of this, that the constant challenge and spur of increasing responsibilities and necessities have been fundamentally good for us. If we ever amount to anything—socially, financially, and particularly as to character and worth—my husband and I are agreed that we shall blame it on the children.

I rest the case for the large family on the simple fact that children are desirable because they are pleasant and stimulating things to have around the house. They vastly increase the happiness of life. Happiness is made

up of responsibility, ambition and achievement, of mutual appreciations that are a bond and blessing for two people who understand each other. A family of ten children will supply these in quantity and variety.

Children are, of course, sometimes a nuisance. They keep you out of bridge clubs, poker games, golf tournaments, uplift movements and the movies, and even out of the divorce court. They insist that you shall make a reasonable attempt to live happily with your own husband or wife, which is not a very dramatic, exciting or fashionable accomplishment. They demand that you shall devote most of your time to plain and unvarnished hard labor, but if this is undesirable or abnormal then the world was very badly designed on the first morning of creation. And they keep it up without much interruption until they pack up and leave you, which is an eventuality to be regarded as philosophically as possible.

But for myself I am deeply thankful for an old-fashioned family. I have found that a real family of children pays an adequate daily dividend of satisfaction and delight, and if you don't believe it you may ask at least one woman who owns one.



Cigarettes Versus Candy

Excerpt from The New Republic (February 13, '29)

Philip Wagner

FOR some time past, our economic seers have had a great deal to say about the "newer competition." Once all the carpet-tack manufacturers considered each other deadly enemies. All of their best efforts were directed toward ruining each other financially and driving each other out of business.

"Mr. A.'s carpet tacks are too dull to be worth anything," Mr. B. would declare.

"Yes," Mr. A. would reply, "but at least the heads stay on. That's more than Mr. B. can say of *his* carpet tacks."

At that point, when Messrs. A. and B. were hurling furious invectives at each other, Mr. C. would leap forward with the declaration that *his* carpet tacks were both sharp and strong — combining the advantages of both the others. Then poor Messrs. A. and B. would go into bankruptcy. Mr. C., you understand, had what is called "business vision," and the others didn't.

Alas, that day of *laissez faire* is gone. Everybody has business vision. Nowadays all carpet-tack manufacturers are brethren. They meet annually in convention, drink from a common bowl,

swear eternal fidelity each to the other, and emerge from the hotel dining-room crying in unison that all carpet tacks are good.

The reason for this development is very simple. Competition, thanks largely to advertising, is no longer within an industry. Competition — the "newer competition" — is now a fight between industries. The carpet tack industry grapples with the oriental rug industry, because nobody who uses oriental rugs needs carpet tacks. The oriental rug interests ally themselves with their old-time enemy, the domestic rug makers, to attack the Brussels carpet people. Whereupon Brussels carpets appeal for help to carpet tacks, which in turn persuade linoleum to fall into line. And, if need be, all of these join to jump on the furniture business, in an effort to divert to themselves some of the money which would ordinarily be spent on davenport, beds and chairs. Competition becomes a sort of pitched battle between industries, with the bleeding pocket-book of the general public as the prize of war.

The most recent of these pitched battles, and certainly the

most interesting, is that now being waged between the candy industry and the American Tobacco Company, on behalf of Lucky Strikes. It all started quite innocently. The Lucky people feared, perhaps, that their slogan "It's toasted" was losing its power of appeal, or that their other slogan, "No throat irritation — no cough," was being eclipsed by Old Gold's "Not a cough in a carload." At any rate, they searched for and found another: "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

It was a swell slogan, as slogans go. It was easy to say. It tempted the great sweet-eating American public to think of cigarettes every time it opened its mouth. And it could be elaborated upon and supported by all sorts of pseudo-scientific and frightfully convincing arguments in its favor.

So an alluring series of ads was prepared, to point out how much healthier it was to smoke Lucky Strikes than to eat "sweets." Musical comedy stars gave it as their theory that the use of Luckies instead of sweets accounted for their trim figures.

This sort of thing, of course, annoyed the candy makers excessively. As soon as the Lucky Strike campaign had hit its stride, the National Confectioners' Association forwarded a diplomatic note of protest to the American Tobacco Company.

The tobacco company, in true diplomatic fashion, replied evasively, saying that no attack was intended.

This made the candy people furious. According to Printers' Ink, the organ of the advertising business, a sort of guerilla warfare began. One candy manufacturer hired space over a radio and started to say mean things about cigarettes. A chain of New York candy stores inserted the following paragraph in its advertising:

Do not let anyone tell you that a cigarette can take the place of a piece of candy. The cigarette will inflame your tonsils, poison with nicotine every organ in your body, and dry up your blood — nails in your coffin.

The desultory sniping of the candy manufacturers began to develop volume, and the American Tobacco Company started to hedge a little. It inserted the word "fattening" before the word "sweets" in its advertising copy. George M. Cohan was quoted as stating that "Lucky is a marvelous pal — the toasted flavor overcomes a craving for foods which add weight." This, surely, should satisfy the candy manufacturers! But no. For years, the confectioners had been soft-pedaling the fact that candy is fattening. Another concession on the part of the tobacconists was called for, and the following crept into one of the Lucky ads:

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are

harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So for moderation's sake we say: Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

By this time the fight was on in dead earnest. Officials representing the candy trade met to quash this "fattening sweet" menace. A National Food Products Protective Committee was formed, and it was decided to launch a co-operative advertising campaign. The National Confectioners' Association rapidly swung its guns into position.

"Don't neglect your candy ration!" screamed one of its ads, and urged everyone to send for its instructive booklet, prepared by a Dr. Herman Bundesen, setting forth the importance of candy as a food.

By this time George W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, had girded his loins and issued a manifesto declaring he did not intend to give up his slogan, and sent a book on rational dietetics to tobacco jobbers. Printers' Ink picks out characteristic paragraphs:

Sugar is undermining the nation's health. The average American consumes daily a quarter of a pound of cane sugar. . . .

Sugar is very bad for children. . . . It not

only destroys the appetite, but takes the place of essential food elements in the diet.

Compare these observations with the following from the candy booklet:

This is what has been found to be true of candy by modern science: that it provides, in easily digestible form, the five essential elements. . . .

That without this element the whole body is disturbed in its functions. . . .

For children, who expend large quantities of energy daily, candy repairs the loss in a simple, quick, acceptable way.

The tobacco-candy fight will be a stiff one. The American Tobacco Company has appropriated \$12,300,000 to carry it on, and its opponents are also well financed. But, though prophecy is dangerous, I think I know what the solution will eventually be. I do not hold with those who think the fight will be mutually destructive, that they will finally eat each other up and leave nothing. I hold another view, the germ of which was contained in an Old Gold ad a little while ago. This ad, a model of discreet impartiality, said:

"Eat a Chocolate. Light an Old Gold. And enjoy both! Two fine and healthful treats!"

That, I submit, is a sample of real business vision.

The March of Science

Excerpts from *Scientific American*

PROOF to show us positively that speed is often a saver of so little time as to be absolutely unnecessary, is offered by the American Road Builders' Association. This association cites a test made by a Chicago taxi-cab company to show the futility of unreasonable speed as a means of gaining time. "Two cabs were started simultaneously, destined for a point nine miles distant, over a main thoroughfare of that city. One traveled at top speed and the other at a reasonable speed. The speeding cab arrived at its destination only four minutes prior to the arrival of the safety cab. Dozens of hazards were created (by the faster cab), lives were endangered, property imperilled, and laws violated — all for four minutes time." — !!

Only one thing further need be said: if you value a saving of one half a minute per mile more than you value the 30, 40, or 50 years you expect to live, then by all means, speed! Automobile hearses are much faster than the old horse-drawn ones.

Recently, an asteroid, or miniature planet, discovered by Professor Johann Palisan of Austria, was named "Hooveria" by a unanimous vote of the senate of

Vienna University, in honor of the man who fed starving, war-torn Europeans during the World War. The fact that our new president commands such respect and admiration abroad leads us to hope that our international relations will be greatly improved during his administration. What with misunderstandings concerning questions of policy, armaments, war debts, et cetera, they are, indeed, sadly in need of improvement.

Niagara Falls will be saved. Early in January, William MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, and William Phillips, the American Minister, signed, in Washington, D. C., an accord authorizing the construction of the remedial works recommended by the International Niagara Board. The work is to consist primarily of submerged weirs and excavations in the rapids above the Falls, intended to preserve the scenic beauty of the Falls and to permit diversion of more water for power generation purposes.

Compressed air forced in among the roots of large trees that have been transplanted has been found to be of assistance in causing the tree to recover quickly from the

disturbance, as in most planting operations the dirt is thrown back into the soil with so much water that it puddles and prevents the roots from getting necessary air from the soil.

The same compressed air treatment is stimulating to trees in lawns where, apparently, the roots of the densely matted grasses forming the sod sometimes release so much carbon dioxide in respiration that the supply of oxygen in the soil is dangerously reduced. The method can also be applied to street trees which suffer greatly from leaking gas mains and from soil compactness due to paving, or to park trees where the soil is badly trampled by crowds. The air is supplied by any air pump such as those used to fill air tanks at service stations or for pneumatic drills, and is forced into the soil through a deep nozzle. Many dying trees can be encouraged to take a new lease upon life by a treatment of compressed air. — *Science Service.*

Henry Ford has entered into a contract with the state of Para, Brazil, under the terms of which he has been granted a concession of 3,700,000 acres of land to be developed into a rubber plantation. The Ford Industrial Company of Brazil contracts to plant rubber trees at a specified rate per year and obligates itself to pay a

percentage of the profits after the first 12 years to the state of Para and the municipalities within the borders of the concession. In return, the company is to be exempt from taxes for 50 years, import duties on machinery and equipment, and is authorized to construct warehouses, docks, factories, schools, and whatever other buildings may be necessary, and is allowed to export its rubber without supervision.

For centuries the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa has been sinking vertically into the soft river valley sediments on which it rests, at the average rate of a millimeter a year. The long-continued process is now about to be brought to an abrupt and permanent stop. This ancient tower, which has stood on a poor foundation since A.D. 1174, will soon be equipped with a secure footing. Emphatically the Leaning Tower is not to be straightened up. There are many other beautiful campaniles in the world but there is only one Leaning Tower of Pisa. The plan to be pursued is to inject cement in liquid form through pipes inserted under the Tower.

A recently invented machine, the Teletypesetter, sets type by telegraph. It is not a type-setting machine itself, but operates such a machine automatically by electrical impulses. At the sending

end, a machine similar to a typewriter perforates a paper tape in code. This perforated tape, automatically fed into another machine, causes perforation of a similar tape at the receiving station perhaps hundreds of miles away. This duplicate tape is fed into another mechanism which operates a type-setting machine at great speed. A mechanical "printer" also typewrites the message at the same time.

That this machine will have a wide field of use is unquestionable. While it was designed primarily for transmitting news more rapidly over long distances — for example, to a chain of newspapers or to subscribers of a press service — it will be of great importance in book publishing and in sending stock quotations to newspapers. Book publishers using this machine need not save tons of metal plates with which to print new editions but may simply keep files of the perforated tape rolls.

One of the most ambitious plans that man has ever considered is that for reclaiming part of the waste land of the Sahara Desert by means of, not irrigation in the general sense of the word, but actually changing the climate of the region.

In northern Africa are many large dry lake beds, connected by equally dry stream beds. All of this territory is below sea level, and the present plan is to construct a canal to the Mediterranean Sea. When this is finished, the waters of the sea will flow through the man-made channel and fill the below-sea-level basin. It is said that the result will be an inland sea with an area of 30,000 square miles. Thus far will the work of man go in the achievement of the desired results. From here on nature will take up the burden. The dry winds sweeping up from the south, across this new inland sea, will pick up evaporated moisture, and carry it to the range of mountains to the north. Here the moisture will fall as rain, and the entire climatic conditions of the region will be changed.

It has been proved that the land of the section under consideration is inherently fertile, needing only water to render it fruitful. If this project is carried through to a successful conclusion, and its magnitude should not be an obstacle to present-day engineering, there is no doubt that northern Africa will bloom forth as one of the garden spots of the earth, and will become one of the important agricultural centers.



Virgin Territory for Motor Cars

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (March, '29)

Earnest Elmo Calkins

WE are witnessing today the spectacle of motor manufacturers selling cars in the face of a lack of that most necessary adjunct, a place in which to drive them. A small boy with a new sled and no snow is no more pathetic than a man with a new car and no roads.

If we divide the total mileage of paved roads in this country by the number of motor vehicles now in operation, we find that the present allowance for each car is 88 yards. New roads are being built, but not at the rate of 88 yards for each car sold. If automobile economists are concerned with the "saturation point" in selling cars, let them take note of the fact that but one out of five miles of existing roads has been paved. Nothing would give greater stimulus to sales than to increase the area of motor driving five times.

Our roads are still too much a local matter. They are as proper an enterprise for Federal jurisdiction as the post office. The motor car, like the railroad in its day, has broken down state lines; it is possible for a motor car to be in four states in a single day's run.

They order this matter of roads better abroad. French roads, for instance, are divided into four classes. The "national roads" are the arteries connecting the large cities. They are straight and favor traveling at high speed. The "departmental roads" connect cities of lesser importance with the national roads, and afford alternative routes. The "highways of great communication" and "of local interest" perform the same service for smaller towns and villages. They are narrower than the other roads, but all are paved.

One turns off into byroads in England and France with the utmost confidence. They are as comfortable as the main traveled roads, as accurately marked, and much more varied in interest.

The French method of marking roads trains the eye to find the right direction, the same information being in the same relative position at every fork or intersection. Nearly all roads are marked by white stones, a kilometer apart, with nine little ones in between. The kilometer stone carries on its front the number and class of the road, rendering identification infallible, and on

the near side the distances to the next village and the next large city. The number ties up with your road map. You always know where you are and how far you have to go, even in the loneliest mountain passes.

There is a system of warnings which herald the approach of hills, grade crossings, *dos d'âne* (ass's back) and so forth. The placards are uniform in size and color, about as large as an American street-car card, with an emblem giving the message in poster form. Being intelligently placed, they do not mar the highway and at the same time are quickly recognized.

This intelligent uniformity is due to the fact that the whole thing is administered by one department. We should take the marking of our roads out of the hands of the automobile clubs, local selectmen, advertisers, and others, each with different ideas which, however good in themselves, produce confusion.

After driving in France I am led to lament the absence of good road maps in our country. The French *Cartes Michelin* are wonders of efficiency. Every road is given: its number, class, distances, width, paving, elevation, grades, and how it enters and leaves towns and cities. All landmarks are indicated. But these maps reveal their greatness when they depart from utilitarianism and

point the way to beauty. A road that is continuously picturesque is edged with green and those high spots where it is imperative to stop and look are recognized by a fan-shaped device, the spread rays opening in the direction of the view. Everything worth seeing is indicated.

The maps are accompanied by a book, the *Guide Michelin*, which sums up each town by a graphic system of symbols. A single gable indicates the humble village inn, while a row of five gables stands for the *Hôtels Splendides*; and those primitive hostellries where rooms are not commended, but where satisfactory meals are obtainable, have for their escutcheons a cup with a crossed spoon and fork. Bath, running water, telephone, all have their funny little indices. Crossed mashies show the golf course, a running horse the hippodrome. It is as amusing as a game. In the simple matter of folding, also, our maps are without inspiration. A Michelin map folds like an accordion, and you can conveniently open to any sector.

Attention should be given in our country to automobile speedways. The Motor Parkway on Long Island is popular, and I believe supports itself. In Italy, Milan is connected with three beautiful lakes just north of it by the auto *strada*, a broad, straight highway, elevated above cross-

roads, running like an arrow to Como, with forks to Varese and Maggiore. The Milanese business man has his villa on the banks of one of these lakes and covers the 60 miles in an hour without fear or favor. We must soon begin to think of connecting busy centers by exclusive roads of this kind. The proposed privately owned speedway between Boston and New York, on which the toll will be five dollars, is evidence of the urgency of the need, and should be maintained by the Federal Government.

The need of beauty in roads should never be forgotten. How does it happen, I wonder, that so few of our roads follow the banks of rivers? In Europe this is the rule rather than the exception, but we generally leave the rivers to the railroads.

In France, planting trees beside the road is as much a part of road building as the surfacing. What it means can be appreciated only by those who have ridden through those long green tunnels. One of the first works of reconstruction undertaken after the war was the replanting of destroyed trees.

Along the Mohawk Trail is a characteristic exhibition of American business enterprise which is entirely lacking in Europe.

Over there a view is a view, and you are left to look at it as you please, but here you are urged to look at it by large and ugly signs of hot-dog emporiums. All these signs cast aspersions on all other spots. Each is the only genuine top, and has the hottest dogs, the reddest flannel pennants. Among them they manage to spoil the pleasure of any lover of scenery.

Most of our roads are developments of the old stagecoach roads which ran through the heart of the town up to the principal inn. This route has been retained in most improvements, so that the through cars are all tangled up with the local traffic. It is time to begin to change all that. Already in many places directions carry motor cars around congested areas. It is strange, however, that when a new road is being built this principle is ignored.

Before the buyer of motor cars realizes that there is no place to drive and stops buying, the movement should be under way to multiply the available road area fivefold by surfacing all existing roads; and the motor-car industry, four-million strong, is the unit to undertake it. It has the vested interest in good roads, and is in itself a large enough body to influence public opinion.



An Employer Views Worker Ownership

Condensed from *The World's Work* (March, '29)

Thomas E. Mitten

I RECEIVED my baptism of fire in a labor disturbance 35 years ago. I caught the full blast of an enraged humanity tired of being the under dog, and it left me sobered and thoughtful. The awful possibilities of such a cataclysm, expanded to nationwide proportions, led me to the resolve that no human service could be so useful as the prevention of such a disaster. For our country could easily face such a disaster in the event of a lull in prosperity, and our industrial defenses should be built with that fact in view.

Through 15 years of street-railway management in various cities the labor problem was my hobby as well as my work. Then there came a call from Philadelphia where the transportation system was at a very low ebb. I studied the situation and found it as nearly hopeless as possible. Chief among its problems was a disgruntled body of men, underpaid, with a grudge against the whole world. And I knew it was not their fault. Their leaders had merely failed to provide for them in the day of prosperity so that when the test came industrial revolution had ensued.

I was attracted to this problem because of a conviction that had been dawning on me for some time. It began one day in Chicago when I proudly announced to union leaders that I had induced the board of directors to spend a considerable sum of money for a gymnasium and other "welfare" fixings to make life more worth living for the employes. I was taken aback at the response of their leader: "You mean well, Chief. But if you really want to help the boys, don't build all those shower baths — put the money in the envelope. We'll build our own shower baths, and the wife and kids can get a bath too."

"But the management's idea, Bill, is to be friendly, so that we will all work together more closely and harder than ever before."

"That sounds all right, Chief. But why should the men work harder when the company gets it all?"

I thought I knew the answer to that question. But what hard-boiled traction magnate of a generation ago would listen to the idea that the men who ran the cars should get a share in the

company's earnings? "We take all the risks," was their philosophy, "so why shouldn't we take all the gains?"

When Philadelphia beckoned, I said that I would come if I could have a free hand in the management for at least five years.

The financial problem was a serious one, since the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. The equipment was obsolete and poorly maintained. Public good will did not exist. But most important among those problems was that of the employees.

I called the men together and promised them that if they would coöperate with my management they would be rewarded. The motormen and conductors were getting 19 cents an hour, and their total payroll amounted to 22 percent of the entire gross earnings of the company. I promised them that they would continue to receive 22 percent, no matter how great it should become. I pointed out ways and means which they knew as well as I would build up those earnings. They were skeptical.

Only six months went by before they received their first increase, and steadily the hourly wage mounted as the coöperation of the men made higher earnings possible. With each successive increase more of these sullen men came to believe in the sincerity of

the management. Not only was every promise kept concerning improved working conditions as well as wages, but we always endeavored to do a little more. Here and there we found men endeavoring to equal the management in this respect. Finally their complete confidence was won. They responded, as men always will, to fair treatment and a stake in the game.

Coincident with the wage plan a system of representation by committees was established — one of the first, if not the very first, in this country. It provides for elected employes and appointed representatives of the management who sit down together, with an equal number on each side, to discuss their joint problems and settle their grievances. The plan provides for unsettled problems to be carried through a system of courts and eventually to arbitration. Unlike most such plans, the management holds no veto power over the decisions of the committees. It is purely a 50-50 plan. In 17 years no matter of dispute has ever gone to arbitration. Wages and all other matters even remotely affecting workers are discussed and approved by them before they become effective.

We have gone far since that day in 1911 when the plan was first broached. The company is now the largest and most prosper-

ous in the field of city transportation. The system is completely modern and well maintained, and includes street cars, motorbuses, subways, elevateds, and taxicabs, all merged into a combined system such as is vainly sought after by other large cities.

The principle of making wages dependent on results has been continued in various forms. Much of the added wage has been invested in securities of the company, of which the employes own a sufficient quantity to provide what amounts to practical control of the company.

Employe ownership should not be confused with employe management. It does not mean a soviet of workers holding the reins of management. It merely means that most of the securities are owned by the men who actually run the property, just as any other group might acquire them. The same management forces direct, since in most cases they come up from the ranks anyway. Direct ownership by the employes acts as a tonic to management, for the employe is an exceedingly critical owner who knows what he is talking about.

You trust the railroad engineer

with your life; is he not then competent to own a share in the engine itself? You agree that the coal miner should have an equal voice with you in the conduct of your state or city affairs; is he not by the same token entitled to some voice in the conduct of coal mines, about which he knows far more? Workers should be led to a standing in the industrial world on a par with their political and educational advantages.

Mitten Management is well on the way to a similar result in Buffalo, where the same sort of plan is now in effect with the transportation employes.

When it is considered that all this has happened during a period in which city transportation has been faced with great economic stress, we may be pardoned for holding firmly to the belief that the secret of permanent peace in industry lies in a greater voice and a more equal distribution of its profits for everyone who participates in making the industry a success. The details of the plan are unimportant. The principle is the important thing, for if that can be accepted, every industry can work out the plans best suited to its peculiar needs.



Putting Old Man River to Work

Condensed from *The Survey-Graphic* (March, '29)

Walter B. Pitkin

THE largest problem of the next generation is the conversion of the lower Mississippi Valley into an empire of health, wealth and happiness. Today it is the sore spot of the nation — an area as great as Germany cursed with swamps, floods, malaria, and almost universal poverty.

At the same time the Middle West and the North West see in the lower Mississippi River a way to new wealth. So huge is the volume of traffic west and south of Chicago that railways cannot handle it expeditiously and cheaply. We must have inland waterways comparable to those of Europe, if not far greater. Years hence as our population grows we shall need the black earth of these bottoms, where floods now interfere with cultivation, for agriculture.

The project I have developed brings together, in a single, closely organized procedure, the following important aims:

It will build deep waterways from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico.

It will end floods in the lower Mississippi Valley except in a few very small areas up the larger tributaries.

It will turn all the electrical power of Muscle Shoals and whatever other power

plants may later be erected along the Tennessee River and its upper tributaries to the perpetual service of the people of the United States. Thereby it will take Wilson Dam forever out of politics.

And — most incredible of all promises — *it will accomplish all this without our having to vote another dollar from the federal treasury beyond what has already been set aside for these aims.*

A fairy story? Very well! Let us see.

The gravest error in the plan of the present Flood Control Board is that it fails to provide, in one program, for the three closely interrelated problems of the Mississippi. We are plunging ahead on flood control, which, in the long run, is the least important of the three.

The second worst flaw in the present policy is the failure to link up all our national resources in a well-integrated attack on the Mississippi. We seem to have been thinking pin-headedly about an enterprise whose size and difficulties reduce the Panama Canal to child's play. We fail utterly to conceive the job as one calling for super-engineering, super-machines, and super-power.

As you read this article, more than 15,000 laborers are sweating away with shovels and mules and plows. Little steam shovels are

puffing away. Black men are weaving willow mattresses by hand, as their ancestors did ten thousand years ago beside the Nile. They are scurrying up and down the river, hunting for leaks and plugging them as best they can. A million-horse-power task is being tackled in a hundred-horse-power way. The machines and methods which contractors use on small jobs are being applied to remodelling an empire.

What if the Control Board suddenly realized that this unique job calls for unique machines and unique installations? They would seek, first of all, for enormous power. Next, they would cast about for special machinery to work at speeds hitherto undreamed-of. Just as the world's first dipper dredge of 15-yard capacity was designed for cleaning the Panama Canal, so would the Control Board experiment with a dipper that picked up perhaps 100 cubic yards at a bite.

Sooner or later the Control Board might come around to the delicate question as to the utility of the present plan of raising levees three feet higher for a thousand miles. That will cost \$316,800,000, and every dollar will be wasted through lack of creative organization. High levees, bigger floods, more spillways! And no ship channels to

the sea! No drainage! No reclamation!

Then, I hope, they may abandon the classical Chinese method. Let Old Man River sleep in his long, wet bed! Stop walling him in with slippery dirt. Turn to the more creative job of making the greatest inland waterways the world has ever known! And, if you do this in one particular way, you will achieve perfect flood control without one dollar's extra cost!

Now, there are two ways of making a ship canal from St. Louis to the Gulf. One is to dredge the Mississippi to a depth of 30 feet or more. The other is to make a wholly new channel somewhere alongside Old Man River. The first plan, with the crooked Mississippi, would be like trying to remodel an ancient automobile into a 1929 sedan. We are forced to the idea of a new channel. What can be done in this manner? Almost anything, if we use the right power in the right way!

Let Muscle Shoals clean up the Mississippi Valley!

We have invested more than \$60,000,000 in Muscle Shoals and Wilson Dam, and we have a magnificent plant. But, as President Coolidge said recently, we are unable to secure results which benefit anybody. The difficulty is that the power developed there varies from about 87,000 horsepower at low water to something like 1,000,000 horse power at

flood water; and as power for factories must be delivered in an even flow, only the minimum amount developed can be sold.

But, if we use Muscle Shoals power for Mississippi flood control for the next quarter century, the fluctuation in seasonal amounts makes little difference. Indeed, the maximum power would come just when it was most needed.

I propose that the federal government and the states of the lower Mississippi Valley combine in a project to run 220,000-volt power lines from Muscle Shoals to the entire section of the flood areas lying within 300 miles of Wilson Dam. I propose that the power be used to operate electric dredges and other machinery; and that huge dredges, perhaps four times as large as the mammoth dredge now being built in Baltimore for the Panama Canal, be developed for this special work.

If all this power from Muscle Shoals were used to run dredges, in five years every square mile of the Mississippi territory could have a canal 8 feet deep and 64 feet wide, in other words, a respectable waterway for motor barges. Moreover, the earth re-

moved in a single year would so strengthen the levees as to solve the problem of flood control.

This done, suppose our dredges were put to work making a single channel from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico. This would have to be about 750 miles long. Suppose they had to cut a channel 600 feet wide and 28 feet deep right through dry land. *Theoretically*, this canal, which would permit all but the very largest ocean steamers to dock at St. Louis, could be dug in one year! In practice, of course, it would surely spread over several years.

The work could be continued to make the lower Mississippi Valley into a super-Holland, with little barge canals instead of streets, and land worth five times what it is now per acre.

Muscle Shoals is Nature's answer to her own riddle of the Mississippi. An unparalleled opportunity arises to solve at one blow two of our most perplexing problems — Old Man River and the White Elephant at Wilson Dam. Luck seems always to be with us Americans. Here, once again, we have a chance to convert a public nuisance into one of the most profitable investments ever made.



English Culture and American Business

Condensed from The Century Magazine (March, '29)

Lionel D. Edie

THE United States prospers, while England is unable to shake from its back the 11 percent load of unemployed labor. Normally, the United Kingdom buys as much of our goods as all of South America and Asia combined. But during the past two years her purchases have reached the lowest figures since 1914. Either American prosperity will leak over into the British domain, or her depression will flood over into the American domain. Basically, the business life of the two countries cannot be segregated.

The chronic bad trade of Britain is not due fundamentally to economic causes, as superficial observers assert, but to the attitude of a great people toward changes in their civilization. We are witnessing the impact of a new high-speed business system upon an old, stable, proud and smug social and intellectual order.

Taken by and large, the British people are hostile to the invasion of their industrial system by American methods. This aversion is focused on a variety of things which come under the term "Americanization." The English people are reluctant about

being rescued from the "bog of depression" if "Americanization" is the price they must pay for it. Their attitude toward five main phases of the process may here be examined.

First, Americanization means "consumptionism"—the multiplication of mass luxuries. In this country, the desire for these luxuries is great. In England, the difficulty is to induce the people to desire the luxury satisfactions. For example, most of the new houses in England are built without furnaces. An Englishman says, "I want to see the fire. Of what use is a fire in the basement? Give me an open fireplace for solid comfort." A London firm decided to build a modern office building with steam-heat. But they could not rent the office space. Londoners claimed that steam-heat is unhealthy; besides, there was nothing like a good fireplace to make an office cheerful.

Refrigeration is in like category. The people have tried to preserve food with chemicals until Parliament has felt compelled to protect the national health by forbidding the use of most such preservatives.

Last summer I read this comment in a London paper: "Americans find that we don't drink ice-water, that our plumbing is out of date, that we have no central heating, in fact hardly any of the comforts of life. It is no good telling them that we don't bother about food; we don't like over-heated rooms; the plumbing that was good enough for Nelson is good enough for Baldwin. They just won't believe us."

And the result? Old industries are in the bog of depression and there is a lack of new industries to pull them out. But one thing seems sure: if the people of England undergo a change of mental attitude, they will develop a market so tremendous as to put a million unemployed to work, and wipe out much of the depression of the past eight years.

Second, Americanization means mass production. The reception given to this principle in England is in many respects contradictory. The people feel that it has made America an El Dorado. They want it adopted in British industry. Chambers of Commerce extoll it. Trade unions invite it. Consumers blame the high cost of living upon the lack of it. And yet, there are countless resistances to slow it up.

A humorous illustration is to the point. In a recent trial, the defendant was charged with attempting to break into a ware-

house. The police produced a wrench found in the doorway. The magistrate, examining it, said, "Very unreliable and very American. Mass production." And the clerk added, "Cheap and nasty." This random story suggests a rather general attitude. Durability is cherished even when it becomes a handicap.

To illustrate the attitude toward labor, I heard an English banker severely criticizing a London branch manager of a New York bank because he had reorganized his office for greater efficiency and dropped several men from the pay-roll. The English banker considered it unethical.

Third, Americanization means elastic credit facilities. Last year Reginald McKenna proposed to modernize the Bank of England after the Federal Reserve model. "In the United States," he declared, "credit can be readily expanded to meet trade requirements more or less regardless of the movements of gold, while with us such movements are the guiding factor." Parliament, however, rejected his proposal in no uncertain terms. The problem goes far deeper than technique; it goes down to the tap-roots of social ideas. It is considered a rank social impertinence even to ask what the policy of the Bank of England is. The Bank is managed by a closed caste of

merchant bankers. A proposal to make it broadly representative of industry and trade is cried down as being socialistic. It is harder to change the constitution of the Bank of England than it is to change the prayer-book of the Church of England.

Fourth, Americanization means prohibition. The most reasonable estimates place the British annual drink bill at \$1,500,000,000. The equivalent of six weeks of every worker's yearly wages goes for alcoholic drink. The pub is one of the most deeply rooted of English institutions and no one expects to see it soon disappear. Yet there is small chance of carrying the selling of mass comforts past the starting point among a working population that carries the consumption of beer up to the saturation point.

Fifth, Americanization means protectionism. The English show a marked drift of sentiment in this direction. Manufacturers in many lines have been vehemently demanding that the Government come to their rescue with a high tariff and the Government has promised to hear each case "on its merits."

Envying our mass internal market, they have set out to develop a similar market "within the Empire." One sees enormous bill-boards with the slogan, "Raise the Empire Line." A powerful

organization is promoting "Imperial Preference" in trade. Some newspapers announce lists of goods "Made within the Empire." The small merchants in the United States in all their warfare on mail-order houses and chain stores, have never reached a higher "trade at home" fever than the Englishmen are now striving to attain. And this in spite of the utter dependence of that country upon international trade.

Looking at these five phases from the broadest viewpoint, "Americanization" is probably slowly penetrating the English social order. "Consumptionism" has broken through the inertia at many points. Mass production is being more and more accepted as inevitable. The old banking system has been patched up by some elasticity amendments. Prohibition is as inconceivable as ever, but protectionism makes amazing headway. The nucleus of hope is the shifting of capital to new industries where British genius can have free play, and the creating of new wants at home as well as abroad to furnish a market for the new industries. This does not necessarily mean that English culture would be destroyed, but it does mean grafting on to the old stock of culture many new and modern folk-ways.

An Alternative for Prosperity

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March, '29)

Elmer Davis

IN the late political campaign both the Republican and the Democratic parties seemed convinced of the outstanding importance of prosperity. The Democrats tried to prove that the Republicans did not have prosperity patented — that a Democratic administration could produce as much, and distribute it better. But the victory of the Republicans shows that the country is persuaded that prosperity is the visible proof of God's blessing on Republican policies. With prosperity, therefore, the Republicans must stand or fall.

Mr. Hoover, in his campaign speeches, insisted that there is more in life than making money, but that you must make your money first — that you cannot do much else if you are always hustling for a living. There is much truth in that; it needs some reservations, but the Democrats were afraid to offer them.

While prosperity exists, or seems to exist, the Republicans are safe enough, and the opposing Democratic party will be only a coalition of dissenting groups without strength enough to win under normal conditions. But, if this state of affairs does not con-

tinue forever, the task of the next real opposition party in American politics must be the finding of an alternative for prosperity.

Perhaps we might call something else prosperity — if we chose. An editorial in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* observed that "we do not need more prosperity of the kind we have. We need a new kind, shaped and controlled by normal needs, a frugal society, and a natural economics." Amen. But how can we get back to normal needs when millions of people make their living by the creation and stimulation of abnormal needs? And what is going to impress the wisdom of frugality on a society which has been taught that frugality is not merely folly but almost treason?

Our prosperity is a quantity prosperity. Prosperity and happiness consist in the possession of an ever-increasing quantity of new things. This was recognized, apparently with approval, by Mr. Coolidge in his last message to Congress. "The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of necessity into the region of luxury." Luxuries are

necessities now; we need more things to make us happy than ever before. In other words, we can have more than people ever had before and still be unhappy; with what our ancestors would have called riches, we feel poor.

Obsolescence means throwing away something that is still good enough and getting something better, or at least newer. This happy invention has brought great prosperity to automobile manufacturers, and much pride (however tempered with worry) to automobile owners. Our prosperity is more than anything else an automobile prosperity, so much so that the theory has been gravely advanced that the American people have become rich and happy by selling automobiles to one another.

But quantity prosperity inevitably defeats its own purpose. The more automobiles, the more traffic congestion; and the less use to be had out of each automobile. When every family has become a two-car family, dividends on automobile stocks can be maintained only by insisting that it must become a three-car family. In past times overproduction eventually corrected itself, but the corrective was painful. When people had bought all they could afford they stopped buying; production slackened, workmen were laid off, until the manufactured surplus was used up.

We, it seems, have abolished the business cycle; when people have bought all they can afford they go on buying, a little down and the rest in easy payments.

At present all goes well. The installment plan has delivered us from the inconveniences of mathematical laws. For the first time in human history we can have as much as we want, not as much or as little as we can pay for; and we can have it now, while the bill will be produced only when the party is over. Buy now, pay later — but when "later" comes all the resources of salesmanship are going to be used to make us want more. Where can it end but by reaching the time when installment payments are defaulted and factories closed because of a decrease in consumption? The bill will be all the larger when it finally has to be faced. The higher we shall have gone, the harder we shall fall.

Of course great and good men have considered and dismissed the objections against the installment plan; they admit that it is open to abuse; but there is nothing but good in it so long as it is employed in moderation, by people who can take it or leave it alone. That reasoning has been rejected as applied to beer, but it sanctifies the installment plan. The fact is, we are not much given to taking anything in moderation.

What could an alternative to prosperity be? Well, its major premise is plain enough, in fact, inescapable. The root of our trouble is that we can make more than we can use. We have tried to cure it by increasing consumption, but however willing a man may be to sign up for deferred payments, he has only 24 hours a day in which he can use the things he buys. There is only one way out — instead of trying to use all we can make, we must make only so much as we can conveniently use.

And if we have to come to it — if we are forced to become a frugal society, with normal needs and natural economics — we shall have fewer things than at present, and less money, and more leisure. The chief problem of the next phase of American history may be what we are going to do with that spare time.

Without doubt, in many ways we live better than our grandparents; yet one does not notice any alarming excess of happiness. "Increasing skill and prosperity," Mr. Hoover told the Tennesseans last fall, "has brought us material comforts and greater leisure, but also serious questions as to how we should use our leisure time." This is only the

leisure of labor-saving devices, not the appalling leisure that will be ours when we all consume less, work less, and make less money.

Well, why not leave it to Hoover? He took his own advice; he made his money first, and put his leisure, thereafter, to admirable use. But Hoover, and still more Hoover's party, are tied up with quantity prosperity. They have promised to maintain it; if it falls, they fall. If quantity prosperity bursts like an over-driven flywheel, the Republican faith would collapse, and we should have to work out a way of life that is less dependent on things than the way we live now. We should have to seek resources in ourselves; and I suspect we might all find more than we think, if we had to look.

Till this time arrives, those who suspect that our present prosperity costs more than it is worth, and more than we can go on paying much longer, might find much interest in the writings of a couple of Americans of a past generation, who were painfully out of step with what is at present called progress. Not impossibly, the leaders of the next opposition will be Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau.



Our Invisible Masters

Condensed from The Forum (March, '29)

Everett Dean Martin

Men have always communicated their ideas to their neighbors; have sought to convince them and to influence them for causes which seem desirable. The right of self-expression and the desirability of the widest dissemination of truth are so important that we have determined to secure them in this country by constitutional law. To the extent that present methods of propaganda operate to increase general knowledge and to keep open in public life an arena in which truth may have a fair deal in its endless contest with falsehood, no reasonable mind could object to it. I am convinced, however, that propaganda does not often serve these ends.

Propaganda is not the same as public instruction. It is never disinterested information. The propagandist has an ulterior purpose. He is not a disinterested party in the pursuit or spread of knowledge.

It is admitted by defenders of propaganda that the methods used are so effective that the average person is entirely at the mercy of those now in command of the forces by which he is

manipulated. Who, then, decides whether the ulterior end to which the public is led or driven, with or without its assent, is good? Decision in this all important matter is left to a few people — the very ones who have something to gain by manipulating the public. Furthermore, the identity of these people is seldom disclosed and they are responsible to no one. Mr. Edward L. Bernays is an eminent champion of propaganda. Let me quote a few passages from his charmingly written book on the subject:

"For the masses promised to become king . . . Today, however, a reaction has set in. The minority has discovered a powerful help in influencing majorities. It has been found possible so to mould the mind of the masses that they will throw their strength in the desired direction.

"There are invisible rulers who control the destiny of millions. It is not generally realized to what extent the words and actions of our most influential public men are dictated by shrewd persons operating behind the scenes."

What are the qualifications of our invisible rulers? In what

virtue or wisdom are they eminent? If there is to be any order in society, those who rule must at least be known and something required of them.

One effect of propagandist methods is greatly to increase the susceptibility of the public to slogans, catchwords, half truths. Every real educator and philosopher in history has noted the dangers of this popular tendency. Mr. Bernays says:

"It was, of course, the astounding success of propaganda during the war that showed us the possibilities of regimenting the public mind. The manipulators of patriotic opinion made use of the mental clichés and emotional habits of the public to produce mass reaction against alleged atrocities. After the war intelligent persons asked themselves whether a similar technique could not be applied to the problems of peace."

Precisely! The propagandist has learned to apply wartime psychology to the accomplishment of any ends whatever! He proceeds by utilizing, for ulterior ends, the prejudices and passions of the mob.

Education suffers grievously from propaganda. It makes all the difference in the world

whether men seek truth in order to make a plausible case for their existing interests and profits and the preconceived ideas they are determined to believe, or whether they seek it for light on all sides of a question. The first makes the ignorant more opinionated; the second leads slowly to one's becoming an educated and civilized individual. One of the serious results of propaganda is that it has caused the public to think that education and propaganda are the same thing, and thus to make an ignorant multitude believe it is being educated when it is only being manipulated. Education aims at independence of judgment. Propaganda offers ready-made opinions for the unthinking herd. Education and propaganda are directly opposed both in aim and method.

The educator aims at the slow process of development; the propagandist, at quick results. The educator tries to tell people *how* to think; the propagandist, *what* to think. The educator strives to develop individual responsibility; the propagandist, mass effects. The educator wants thinking; the propagandist, action. The educator fails unless he achieves an open mind; the propagandist, unless he achieves a closed mind.



The Nonstop Peace Advocate

Condensed from *The World's Work* (March, '29)

William Hard

NO more amazing instance of propaganda has ever happened, I suppose, than that which in ten years lifted the obsolescent word "outlawry" into being a central symbol of international salvation. And there is just simply no doubt whatever that the originating and devising brain of the whole affair has been that of one man, S. O. Levinson, a Chicago lawyer.

In the year 1919, Levinson's activities as a reorganizer of corporations obliged him to travel much from New York to Chicago. He would get about as far as Pittsburgh when some new loathing for the League of Nations would overcome him. He would thereupon leave his train and catch one for Washington to convey the loathing to Senator P. C. Knox, of Pennsylvania.

Other propagandists should note the technique of Levinson. He did not harangue a mob. He picked out a key man, a mainspring individual. He fastened himself upon Knox. Knox was the only Senator who had been Secretary of State. Levinson was continually disappearing into his office, and this fact aroused my journalistic interest. Levinson car-

ried with him in his pocket a magazine article he had written, "The Legal Status of War." He was always making me read it. It contained lamentation over the fact that war was legal, that even a war of aggression could not be considered an act contrary to law.

Knox was one of the 15 Irreconcilable Senators. Levinson urged that it was not enough to be against the League. It was necessary to counterattack it. The fundamental evil was war. The fundamental remedy was international law.

Most Irreconcilables thought Levinson's idea was tosh. But Knox imbibed the Levinsonian philosophy rapidly. On March 1, 1919, fortified by many conferences with Levinson, he outlined in the Senate a true League, which "shall provide that war is declared to be an international crime."

Thereafter Knox and Levinson continued to perfect their idea. In choosing their next convert they exhibited their talent for letting minnows go swim and hooking leviathans. Senator Borah of Idaho was beyond doubt the debating leader of the Senate, and Knox invited this shining gladia-

tor to confer with him. Borah was at once profoundly interested. He accepted the principle of Outlawry and made it one of the aims of his life.

The movement in the Senate now had a head, Knox, and a tail, Borah. That was the whole of it — a nice cosy movement. As its titular master Knox gave to the world, on May 5, 1920, in the Senate, a complete statement of its fundamental purposes: (1) the codification of international law, (2) the establishment of a court of international justice, and (3) the outlawry of war.

It must be admitted that the world was not much impressed. Europe was engaged in bringing the League of Nations into being. The United States was preparing for a Presidential election with the League as chief issue.

At this point I must introduce Colonel Raymond Robins. Robins told me he was going to see Warren G. Harding and explain Outlawry to him. An explanation by Robins is no mere syllogism. It is an emotional devastation. He will herd an individual into his library, and there bestow upon him all the gestures, intonations, and perorations customarily earned only by auditors who are a multitude.

Then, suddenly, on September 4, 1920, Harding, without any previous manifestation of interest lifted up his voice and publicly

exclaimed: "If I catch the conscience of America, we will lead the world to 'outlaw' war."

Harding's words became a sky-hook that enabled Outlawry to pull itself into prominence. When Harding died, Robins turned his explanatory batteries on Coolidge. Coolidge listened. Then, in accepting his Presidential nomination, he said: "I personally favor entering into covenants for the purpose of 'outlawing' aggressive war by any practical means." Another sky-hook.

The peace movement, however, was still thoroughly dominated by the pro-Leaguers, and it was now necessary to win them over. It was done by means so outwardly small as to constitute a classic lesson in propaganda. The Committee on Outlawry had no money to indulge in the propagandist pastime of dropping coins in the slot of public ignorance and calling the automatic reaction public opinion. They had to work mainly through private conferences.

It is also true that the Committee had the support of a certain great philosopher, a great editor, and a great preacher. John Dewey made the project intellectually arresting to our best brains; Charles C. Morrison, editor of the *Christian Century* swayed the advanced thinkers in Protestant pro-League circles. John Haynes Holmes of New

York put the weight and fire of his great eloquence behind the movement. That was the sum total of the real shock troops of the whole Outlawry outfit in private life.

After Knox's death in 1921 Borah assumed full leadership of the Outlawry movement in the Senate. In February, 1923, he introduced a formal resolution for the Outlawry of war, accompanied by a detailed plan written by Levinson. This was the basic original source of Outlawry.

I must speak of Levinson. He is a Jew, and has the Jewish faculty — so seldom seen among Gentiles — of being at once a man of dollars and a man of dreams, of theories, of commandments from Sinai. I never realized till I knew him, what a fearsome thing an Old Testament prophet must have been, how aggressive, how overpowering, how uplifting, how irritating to human nature, how unforgettably appealing to it. Concentrated upon a purpose, indifferent to fame, punily organized, pettily financed, Levinson has turned Outlawry from a personal crotchet into a world issue.

Robins went abroad and preached and orated, publicly and privately. Levinson went abroad and argued in private.

The high Europeans remained at first obdurately skeptical. But when Borah, in the name of Outlawry, led the Senatorial resistance to the World Court, Europeans began to understand the repugnance of most Americans to a peace system that is also a force system. Americans, apparently, wanted their peace straight.

M. Briand offered to Mr. Kellogg on April 6, 1927, a treaty that — "to use an American phrase" — would outlaw war between the two countries. The world has wondered why Mr. Kellogg took so many months to reply. Mr. Kellogg was engaged in mastering the philosophy of Outlawry. He consulted Borah; he saw Levinson. Levinson went to Europe and saw M. Briand. Then Kellogg plainly perceived that no two countries alone could fabricate international law. Therefore M. Briand's proposed treaty would have to be a treaty between all nations. In such terms Mr. Kellogg wrote to M. Briand. And so the treaty, good or bad, is a wholly American product, which sprung entirely from the personal law office of Salmon Oliver Levinson.

I guess that's all. It ought to be enough. When anybody else tips the world by the oscillations of his own weight, I certainly hope to be there to tell the tale.



The East Tucks in Its Shirt

Condensed from *Liberty* (February 16, '29)

Lotthrop Stoddard

SOMEBODY once remarked that the Filipino is easy to get on with till he tucks in his shirt; but that thereafter he becomes a problem. A sack suit and a smattering of English seem almost always to breed a violent dislike of white men and angry demands for instant independence.

If this regrettable situation were confined to the Philippine Islands it would not greatly matter. Unfortunately, such is not the case. All over the Orient the process is at work — with the same ominous results. The entire East is today "tucking in its shirt" — rapidly and eagerly adopting western inventions and methods.

Japan blazed the trail. Up to the middle years of the last century Japan was a hermit nation. The first visitors from the West discovered a land quaintly charming as a fairy tale; a land of ancient temples, cherry blossoms, and grotesque warriors in lacquer armor carrying two swords.

The West did not take Japan seriously at that time, but the Japanese did, and soon things began to happen. Recognizing their helplessness, the Japanese

set themselves to learn the secrets of western power — especially military power. So well were those lessons learned that within a generation an efficient Japanese army and navy beat huge, unawakened China to its knees, and ten years later humbled mighty Russia. This defeat of a European great power by an Asiatic people dumbfounded the West; the Orient exulted — and resolved to follow Japan's example.

Today, Japan is one of the foremost nations of the world, possessing the full material equipment of our modern civilization. A busy, hustling, up-to-date folk, those Japanese, getting more western every day. Yes; and also a folk with pressing needs of expansion. And they possess the third largest navy in the world and a great army whose all-round efficiency is probably second to none. Restless, enterprising, unsatisfied Japan is one of the gravest factors in the problem of world politics.

Crossing from Japan to China, we find a country with over 400,000,000 inhabitants — more than three times our population. If this inconceivable mass of humanity ever gets really in motion,

it may well shake the entire planet with its massive tread.

A generation ago, China was a sleeping giant. The war with Japan wakened her. The way they were beaten by these hitherto despised "island dwarfs" roused many Chinese to the dangers threatening their national life. The first reaction was blind rage, and a great secret society known as the Boxers undertook to expel all foreigners from the country. But this merely drew down fresh humiliation. The western powers and Japan sent a punitive expedition to rescue their representatives besieged in Peking. The Chinese armies, with their absurd equipment, stood no chance against western troops. Many of the Chinese "braves" were actually armed with spears or with bows, supplemented by gongs and fire-crackers to scare the enemy. The upshot was crushing defeat and a humiliating peace.

Old China was probably the most pacifist country that the world has ever seen. It had practically no national spirit, and the art of war was despised. "You do not take good iron for a nail, or a good man for a soldier," runs an old Chinese proverb. But with her awakening, a real national spirit came into being, and hot fires of patriotism began to glow here and there. "Young China" now walks with a chip on

its shoulder, ready to fight if it cannot have its way.

Indeed, Young China has been reared in a fighting atmosphere, because for nearly 20 years China has been scourged by civil war. During this long period of strife many millions of Chinese have seen actual service on the battle-field. Today, at least 1,300,000 men are under arms in China, and the best of them are real soldiers in the western sense, well equipped with artillery, machine guns, and other up-to-date war material.

One thing is certain: China is no longer the pacifist land of former days. On the contrary, China has a very respectable war machine, which gets more efficient with every passing year.

From China, let us jump clear across Asia to Turkey. Turkey used to be an old-fashioned Oriental despotism, run on such inefficient lines that it was known as the "Sick Man" of the Near East. When Turkey joined Germany in the late war and shared in her defeat, many persons predicted the Sick Man's speedy demise, and the peace treaty practically wiped Turkey off the map.

However, the treaty did not reckon with the Turkish people. Traditionally good fighters, the Turks shouted "Liberty or Death!" raised a scratch army, found an able general in a certain

Mustapha Kemal, won a decisive victory, tore up the treaty, and put their country on the map once more. Then, instead of relapsing into Oriental ways, Turkey began to modernize itself even more dramatically than Japan had done.

An extraordinary man, this dictator Mustapha Kemal. Since he took charge five years ago, he has transformed his country almost beyond recognition. It has become a republic — of sorts. The old Arabic style of writing, with its quirks and traceries, has been officially abolished in favor of our simple western script. Turkish men have been forced to doff fez and turban for cap or derby hat. Turkish ladies are "stepping out" from the harem, have thrown aside their veils, and today favor short skirts and jazz.

Last, but emphatically not least, Turkey's new boss has armed his country to the teeth and has built up so formidable a military machine that even the Russians and Mussolini bow politely when Mustapha Kemal looks their way. It is a well armed Turkey which confronts us today, able to play a strong hand in the game of international politics and ready to back its diplomats with heavy guns.

Thus, at opposite ends of the Orient, the same process is working out along similar lines. But even this is not the whole story.

Let us turn to a little-known region — Afghanistan.

Well, what about Afghanistan? That remote buffer state, wedged in between British India and Asiatic Russia, is a land of rugged mountains inhabited by even more rugged mountaineers who from time immemorial have lived the exhilarating life of brigands. Until very recently Afghanistan held jealously aloof from the outer world and rigorously excluded Westerners from its borders.

Some years ago a new Ameer ascended the Afghan throne. This young man determined to bring his country up to date, and he has certainly been on the job. Not content with getting matters at second hand, Ameer Amanullah and his queen, Souria, left home for a "grand tour" of the West. The results of that trip were momentous, and Afghanistan was being modernized almost as dizzily as Turkey. So dizzily, in fact, that Amanullah was finally forced to flee the country before the ire of some of his fundamentalist subjects.

Consider the startling scenes which marked the opening of the first Afghan Parliament. The great event drew not only the elected representatives, but crowds of visitors from all parts of the realm, each man striving to outdo his neighbor in Oriental finery.

But an unpleasant surprise awaited many a dignified notable. That they should find the Ameer in European dress they probably had expected. But that their liege lord should make them all follow suit must have been a terrible shock. Yet it was so.

First, the parliamentary representatives were taken in hand by a corps of European tailors, imported for the occasion. Herded into a big hall, the bewildered deputies were ordered to discard their turbans, robes, and slippers. The tailors deftly fitted them with top hats, frock coats, and patent leather shoes. Still the Ameer was not satisfied. Another crisp order from him, and a corps of barbers shaved off bushy beards and trimmed tangled manes of hair until the scandalized deputies did not know themselves, much less one another.

Next it was the turn of the visiting multitude. One and all, they were subjected to a "modernizing" process, being clad from a miscellaneous stock of European hats and second-hand clothing. And these had to be paid for. Then another royal edict restricted attendance at theaters and movie houses to persons wearing European dress.

Of course, alongside these episodes were others less humorous, such as the rapid and effectual modernization of the Afghan army. Today, Afghanistan would

be a mighty tough nut for either England or Russia to crack.

We might, if we were disposed, take glimpses of other out-of-the-way Oriental lands like Arabia and Persia, where we would find a similar situation. The truth is that everywhere the "immovable East" is moving at last.

We have mentioned only independent states. However, we must not forget that most of Asia and Africa is not independent but is ruled by western nations. Britain, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal — each has in the Orient a colonial empire. Even the United States is in the game, through the Philippines. Of course nothing so stimulates desires for independence in these countries as the sight of those Oriental states which are today working out their own destiny. And it does no good to warn agitators in India, the Philippines, and elsewhere that immediate independence would probably spell for them the fate of China. As a prominent Filipino agitator pithily remarks: "Better a government run like hell by the Filipinos than one run like heaven by the Americans."

How do the discontented elements hope to obtain independence? In the last analysis by force. They know perfectly well that the basic reason why Japan and Turkey are today independent is because those countries

possess formidable military machines. Therefore we may as well resign ourselves to seeing western rule in the Orient challenged by a series of agitations and revolts which may culminate in great explosions of rebellion.

Indeed, if we analyze the ten years since the late war, we shall be astonished to see how many armed outbreaks have already taken place. In North Africa, in Egypt, in Syria, in Mesopotamia, in India, and elsewhere, the European powers have been faced by armed uprisings, some quite serious. The recent war in Morocco, beginning with a local revolt of Riff mountaineers against Spain, spread till it threatened France's entire north African empire. Faced with this acute crisis, France rushed a great army to Africa, joined hands with the Spaniards, and after two campaigns of ferocious mountain fighting, crushed the revolt.

"Well, then, why don't the western powers clear out, bag and baggage, and so save a lot of trouble?"

Offhand, that sounds like a cheap and easy solution. But is it? A general policy of scuttle out of Asia and Africa might prove to be a remedy worse than the disease. How about the enormous amounts of western capital invested in the colonies? And how

about the disruption of commerce which would inevitably ensue? If India, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies, and most of Africa should suddenly be loosed from Western control and should fall into a welter of turmoil, the whole delicate fabric of international trade would be disrupted, and both Europe and America would suffer a business crisis such as the modern world has never seen. How, for example, could we get along if our supplies of rubber should suddenly vanish? And what applies to rubber applies to many other things.

Of course, this does not mean that the western powers should stick to a mere stand-pat attitude. They should envisage an increasing degree of self-government, and even ultimate independence, for these countries. But those changes cannot come in a day. They should come as a result of evolution rather than revolution.

Meanwhile, during the transition times which lie ahead, we of the west must make up our minds to pay the price of a long series of colonial ructions ranging from riots to revolts. We will likewise be faced by some very ticklish crises in our relations with China and other independent Oriental peoples. It will all be part of the game.



The Master of Ballyhoo

Condensed from The North American Review (March, '29)

Jack Kofoed

TEX RICKARD was preëminently the king of ballyhoo. He knew a good story when he saw it, and he was a master of the art of space grabbing.

The impetus that started him on the career by which he became famous was the desire of Goldfield, Nevada, to get some publicity. No one in the desert town knew what to do. Tex suggested a championship prize-fight; the idea was seized upon with avidity, and he was elected to the job of putting it over, because he was known from Alaska to the Panhandle as the squarest shooter in the West. The sour-doughs, prospectors, and roulette players all trusted the quiet, tight mouthed gambler, who could win or lose a hundred thousand dollars without a change of expression. When he owned the Northern saloon in Nome he often had as much as \$100,000 of the miners' money stowed away in his safe. He knew the owners only by sight and they never asked for receipts. And not one of them ever lost a penny through that trust.

So Tex left his house of chance in charge of his partner, while he bent his energies toward making Goldfield famous.

Now — after 23 years — we can appreciate the magnitude of Rickard's task. At that time Goldfield had a population of 2500. To get there one had to ride 13 hours into the desert from the main line. It was necessary to construct an arena at a cost of \$15,000. A purse of \$30,000 was required to bring "Battling" Nelson and Joe Gans together. Many thought this purse so much fiction. But when the newsgatherers arrived they saw the purse stacked in glittering gold pieces in the window of the bank. It was a touch of genius, and the story was broadcast.

Tex was completely dumbfounded when he saw newspapermen from all over the United States flocking into Goldfield, and more than 8000 people gathered at the ringside. He was still more surprised when the books showed a substantial profit, where he had only asked for publicity and a not too heavy loss.

Tex knew instinctively that the way to get lineage was to be unusual. When he signed Gene Tunney for the first dramatic fight with Dempsey he said nothing about it. He kept the newspapers speculating on whether

or not the fight would be held. Then, as a grand gesture, he hired a special train, filled it with sports writers, and ran them to St. Louis to see Tunney go through the formality of appending his signature to a contract.

Last summer he took a "millionaire's special" — loaded with railroad owners, capitalists, publishers, Wall Street men, the financially great of the land — up into the woods of Speculator to watch Tunney go through his training routine for Heeney. And then he piled them aboard his yacht for a run to the "Hard Rock's" quarters at Fair Haven. You couldn't keep stories like that off the front page.

Tunney never was popular with the men who "covered" his camp. It was essential that he should be. Rickard brought in "Steve" Hannegan, a genial press agent, a great mixer, an Irishman who has a knack of smoothing down the ruffled fur of irritated men. It was his job to reflect the champion through the spectrum of his own agreeable personality. That move was typical of Tex Rickard.

There was a time when fights drew solely on their merits. Rickard changed all that. He decided that if the fighters were sufficiently colorful it did not matter whether they were well matched. The engineering of the

Dempsey-Carpentier fight into the first million dollar gate ever known in Fistiana was a great piece of work. On one side was the greatest "killer" the game had known. On the other was a burned out light heavyweight, fresh from four years service in the French Army. So Carpentier's war record, his familiarity with the great ones of the world, his extensive wardrobe and accomplishments, were stressed. Pictures of his pretty wife were in the papers every day. So much was said of his very admirable qualities that his evident lack of fighting equipment was almost forgotten. In brief, Carpentier was such an attractive personality that the public paid \$1,700,000 to see the one-sided match. Rickard knew that he did not have a chance, and before the fight started went to Dempsey's dressing room, and asked him not to knock out his adversary in the first round, but to "give the crowd a run for its money."

Rickard realized very clearly that newspapers are the whole hinge and focus of the ballyhoo. To them he gave the credit for his success. It seemed almost a holy mystery to him that words could be so grouped on paper as to sway the thought of a whole nation. Yet no man knew better how to build those incidents from which front page news stories are made.

Sky-Writer by Profession

Condensed from Popular Science (March, '29)

Captain O. C. LeBoutillier

I AM a sky-writer, one of those fellows who give city folks cramped necks while they watch him twist and loop. Every time he loops he traces another letter with white smoke that spurts from the tail of his plane.

Such was the show New York saw when it discovered that the city was 300 years old and decided to have a jubilee. So the streets were draped in bunting, flags fluttered, and up went McMullin, an Englishman, to sky-write about it.

About 10,000 feet up he started writing. Crowds in the streets stopped to watch him, then gasped. He apparently had gone crazy — he was writing backward!

He never knew it! At least, he didn't when his plane came down and stopped at our hangar on Curtiss Field, N. Y. When he found out, his face turned redder than I have ever seen a man's before — and we haven't let him forget it yet.

It takes queer incidents like that to make clear the inside stuff of sky-writing. Not everyone realizes, for instance, that if a sky-writer splashed his message on the sky right-side up, from his

viewpoint (as McMullin did), the man on the street would not be able to read it — unless he stood on his head. So the pilot writes with the aid of a little chart attached to his dashboard.

Your professional sky-writer is a trained aerial acrobat. He can scoot across the sky in a cockleshell fighting plane writing backward as he goes. This, of course, while he looks at his chart. If he can watch the dials on his dashboard and the gages on his chemical tanks as well, he is a very good sky-writer.

A sky-writing plane carries 200 pounds of the chemicals that produce smoke. That is just about enough for a short sky message. If "brevity is the soul of wit," we sky-writers are among the drollest fellows on earth.

When the Prince of Wales visited New York several years ago Allan J. Cameron, president of the Skywriting Corporation of America, thought it would be nice to sky-write a welcome. "Hello, Wales" was what he proposed. Everyone liked the idea except one of our own pilots — Capt. Cyril Turner. Turner, an Englishman himself, was doubtful about the propriety of ad-

dressing the heir to the British throne in such a typically American way. He called up the British Consul.

"Ahem," replied the Consul. "I really don't think that that would do. Let me see. I have an idea. Suppose you write this—'Welcome his Royal Highness the Prince.'"

Any pilot attempting to write a phrase like that would probably run out of fuel, let alone smoke. Estimating conservatively, it would stretch out 25 miles in the sky. Regretfully the project was abandoned.

If a motorist feels foolish when he runs out of gasoline, it isn't hard to imagine how a sky-writer feels when his smoke gives out while thousands are watching him. That happened to Capt. C. B. D. Collyer — who met his death not long ago in a cross-country race against time — in an advertising campaign over Brooklyn. Spectators saw his smoke stop in the middle of a letter. Collyer traced two or three more letters, not realizing his plight. Then the truth dawned on him and he hovered for a moment undecided. Watchers next saw the tiny plane turn tail and scud away as fast as it could. The pilot who runs out of smoke longs to speed as far as possible from the scene of the mishap.

Sky-writers do not carry erasers. If a word is misspelled the

only thing to do is to cross out the offending letter. Once Collyer pulled a stunt like that over San Francisco. The crowd below began to snicker as he spelled "Lucky" with two "k's." Undismayed, Collyer went back and crossed out the extra "k" with a trail of smoke. Only a few of us knew he did it on purpose, so he was rewarded by some coveted publicity in the newspapers.

Even experienced sky-writers practice a message they are going to write above a city — or, perhaps, just a few letters of it; some of the difficult combinations. Pilots particularly dislike the script letter "m." The last two loops have to be added, one at a time, without disturbing the part of the letter already written — no mean job. A capital "E" requires a bothersome number of loops. Of course, an "I" is the simplest of all. The easiest writing we ever had was in England, "OXO" a trade name. The letters were simple, and it could be written right-side up or upside down and still read the same.

The planes we use are speedy little fighters — wonderful craft to pilot, but so tiny that you need a shoehorn to ease yourself into the cockpit. They can fly at 135 miles an hour and climb 10,000 feet in 12 minutes. On the joystick is the smoke trigger. Press it and a fuming rope of smoke about 30 or 40 feet thick belches out

just behind the rudder. From the ground it looks flat, like a ribbon.

We've tried smoke of different colors — green, red, yellow. But white smoke stands out best against a blue sky.

Suppose I am going to sky-write over a city. With the sun toward the south, I must write well to the north of the city so that people can read it without being blinded. The wind is from the west, so I start writing far enough westward for the letters to drift over the city by the time I am through.

Is the wind steady — that is, free from eddies that destroy the letters? The fellow who's paying \$500 or \$1000 to have me write in the air has a right to expect his message to last a few minutes at least — so I occasionally let loose a spurt of smoke to see how it will "hold" in the wind.

At 10,000 feet I find the letters will remain intact, even though they drift from 10 to 20 miles. Most of our writing is done about two miles high, where the wind is steadiest.

With the sun on my left and the wind in my face, I press the smoke trigger and begin to write.

No time for "monkey business" now. The whole word has to be done in the quickest possible time; it will last only from five minutes to half an hour, depending on the wind.

Speed! My little plane stands on a wing tip as I loop around a script "I." We always write on a flat plane, though the letters may look vertical from the ground. Would you believe I flew 15 miles to make one letter? Now I've got to go back a couple of miles to dot an "i." That dot is as big as a city block. We write on a grand scale, you know — with capital letters a mile long, generally.

Watch me cross this "t" and you'll learn a sky-writing trick. See? I zoomed over it at a safe distance. If I'd flown straight through I'd have blown the letter away. From the ground you'd never know the difference.

There's the last letter done! All through, for better or worse. Now we'll dive 1000 feet and take a look at what we've written. The pilot has the worst view of anyone while he's writing.

Looks pretty good. Well, there's a day's work done. Back to the field!



The Greatest Guessing Game

Condensed from The American Magazine (March, '29)

Edward F. Roberts

FASHION is the name of the greatest guessing game on earth — a perennial gamble in which bigger fortunes are won and lost than over the green tables of Monte Carlo.

The World War brought more sweeping changes in women's fashions than ever occurred before in the same length of time. The millions of girls who went forth to drive motor wagons, keep military stores, and do a hundred jobs behind the lines found out that, for them, whalebone corsets and long skirts were about as suitable as mail armor would have been for their brothers in the trenches. In any event, the new fashion was decided for them by the military authorities, who were much too busy to bother about Victorian ideas of modesty.

There is a general idea that all fashions originate in Paris, where mysterious individuals decide from time to time what is style and what is not. There is some truth in the idea. Fashions do originate in Paris in the sense that in line, design, and color the great French *couturiers* are the world's acknowledged masters, but these masters of artistry are far indeed from being dictators of style.

They are all engaged in a guessing game which would drive the average American business man into a lunatic asylum. The best guessers win fortunes and the unlucky ones go to work for the winners.

The big prizes in the great game are awarded every spring and fall. In February and August are the "openings" at which the "guesses" are paraded after six months' feverish and deeply secretive labor. During all that time designers have been toiling in the locked and guarded *ateliers*, working out costumes on ideas painfully gleaned from a hundred sources. The glorious riches of the museums of Paris are ransacked. Bit by bit, the design is built up from the fragments of a dozen civilizations, the color harmonies of long dead and nameless artists.

When the designs are completed, the prettiest and shapeliest manikins of France will don them and parade through the showrooms of Paris, the race-tracks of Auteuil and Longchamp, the esplanades of Cannes, Biarritz, Deauville, and Monte Carlo. Their creators will await anxiously the verdict — acceptance and fortune, rejection and

possible ruin. Of course, the guessers do not pin all their hopes on a single entry. Each house prepares scores of models, for if even 18 out of 20 fail, two may sweep the boards.

Who decides? If anyone could answer the question the G would be taken out of gamble. There are a handful of well-known society leaders, all of whom have varying influence, but every one of them might select a model without more than moderate results in general popularity.

Then there are other ladies, ladies who rule over a society preponderantly male. Time was when the Court of France and all the fashionable society of Europe waited breathlessly to find out what the King's mistress wore at the last state ball. Time was when a Madame de Pompadour could introduce a new word into the dictionaries by changing the style of her hairdressing, or a Louise de la Vallière could apparel all the virtuous maidens of Europe in clinging robes. The kings have departed, but the courtesans remain. It may be shocking, but it is nevertheless true, that the naughty ladies of Paris come closer to being the arbiters of fashion than any other influence that could be named.

"Dresses must come down" has been the slogan of the Paris manufacturers for at least two years now. The *couturiers* of

Paris have no great concern with modesty, but they are deeply interested in the silk and cotton fabric industries. Someone once said that "an inch off a Chinaman's shirt or added to a woman's dress meant the difference between ruin and prosperity to the textile industry." Short skirts have certainly played havoc with the prosperity of the textile industry. Nevertheless, there is no indication that dresses are coming down.

Automobiles were largely responsible for small hats, but aviation gave them the shape of the aviator's helmet. This vogue might have been predictable; but who could have foretold that the opening of King Tut's tomb would have sent a craze for Egyptian colors around the world?

When Evelyn Nesbit Thaw took the stand at the trial of her husband, her astute lawyer took special pains to dress her for her part as the innocent, guileless child who had been victimized by a ruthless *roué*. Her hair, parted in the middle, schoolgirl fashion, hung low over a broad, white Eton collar which topped her simple middy blouse. In a few weeks millions of women of spotless reputation were trying to look and dress as much as possible like the woman in that sordid drama, and blouse makers and collar manufacturers were reaping fortunes.

Fabric and garment manufacturers spend huge sums every year in efforts to determine what will be the popular colors for each advancing season, but all their calculations are likely to be upset by some relatively trivial event. A few years before her death Sarah Bernhardt unexpectedly appeared in the Bois de Boulogne dressed completely in white, in sharp contrast to the vivid hues the great actress usually favored. That single appearance started a tremendous white season and the dyers and fabric houses lost millions.

When President Harding was inaugurated, Mrs. Harding wore a dress of a rather unusual shade of blue, and for a year, at least, "Harding Blue" was supreme in America.

More recently Lanvin paraded all her models at a season's "opening" in a particular shade of green, and "Lanvin Green" swept the boards. Again, "Chanel Red" scored a decisive triumph; but the result in any one of these instances was just as uncertain as naming a Derby winner.

Paris today does her fashion dictating with one eye on America. More American dollars are

spent in Paris every year than French centimes, and it takes a bushel of centimes to make a dollar in these days. Thousands of American buyers, representing every important department store in the United States, sail for Paris three or four times a year. Their purchases run into many millions of dollars, but a point that is little understood is that they buy models, not stocks.

The curious anomaly exists that while French taste in design and line governs the world of women, French taste in the costume itself differs sharply from American taste. Very few French garments are sold in American stores. They are imported solely as models from which the American manufacturers work. A dozen Paris creations may contribute to an American composite. A sleeve is taken from this dress, a bit of embroidery from that, a neck line from a third, and so on.

Periodically outcries are raised, not only in America, but in England, Germany, and other European countries, against French domination in fashions; but they are futile. The simple truth is that artistry in line and color is an essential part of French genius.



A Negro Emperor's Citadel

Condensed from *The Living Age* (March, '29)

Harry L. Foster

A S we ran over our fifth goat, my friend at the wheel apologized.

"Sorry," he said, "but you'll have to excuse the bumps. We'd never get anywhere in Haiti, if I slowed up for anything smaller than a bull." We were driving over one of the roads constructed by engineers from the United States Navy during the American occupation, and our ultimate objective was the fortress of the famous negro emperor, isolated upon a mountain peak among the jungles of the island's northern coast.

Haiti is one of the many loftily mountainous Caribbean islands whose rugged physiography Columbus, according to the chroniclers, illustrated to Queen Isabella by crumpling up a piece of foolscap and explaining, "It looks about like that." At dusk we reached an ancient town of heavy masonry and grilled windows — Cape Haiti, "The City of Massacres." This is Haiti's most historic city.

At the little fishing village of Petite Anse, not far distant, Columbus landed in 1492 to establish the first fortress in the New World. Hereabouts, when

the early Spaniards had passed on in search of gold, the French colonists settled to establish coffee or sugar plantations, importing so many negro slaves that they soon began to fear the black hordes, and to suppress rebellions with a heavy hand. In Cape Haiti's central square darkies were broken at the rack, or burned alive.

Then the storm broke. Under such leaders as Toussaint l'Ouverture, Dessalines, and others, the negroes turned upon their masters. Chafing from the lash of former years, they pillaged the French estates, dragging every white man from his hiding place. Napoleon dispatched his own brother-in-law, Leclerc, with troops to quell the uprising, but the French armies succumbed to fever, and it was a hopeless effort. In 1803 France withdrew, and Haiti became "The Black Republic."

At the straggling village of Milot, where the bridle trail to the Citadel begins, one finds the first evidence of Christophe's glory in the Palace of Sans Souci.

Old Christophe, elected President in the early days of the Republic, had not been content with so plebeian a title, but had

promptly declared himself King, under the name of Henry I. His choice of that name, some say, was due to the fact that he never could learn to write "Christophe" in signing his court decrees. But, although he might lack education, His Majesty was a man of force and imagination. A king must have courtiers, wherefore he created a nobility of three princes, eight dukes, 20 counts, 40 barons, and a host of lesser titular celebrities. And in this palace at Milot he maintained a court which for pomp and splendor rivaled those of Europe.

Today, of course, the glory of Sans Souci has departed. Yet, though roofs have fallen in, and trees sprouted from the débris, it is at least a splendid ruin. This was but one of Christophe's many homes — some estimates put the total as high as 21 — but it was by far the most magnificent. A stream was diverted from its course to flow beneath Sans Souci and cool the air. The floors were all of marble. The walls were paneled in the finest of hard wood and hung with art treasures from Europe. Although His Majesty could not read, he even provided himself with an extensive library. And like the citadel up above, for which we were still headed, it was rated in its day among the finest structures in the New World.

The Citadel itself, when we finally reached it, stood upon the highest of the local mountain tops, hundreds of feet above the zigzag trail, its massive battlements outlined against the bluest of skies.

How the Haitians built it, no one will ever know. It stands in rugged country, miles and miles from everywhere, reached only by poor mountain paths, up which the toiling negroes must have carried giant rocks and hundreds of huge cannon. Only fear could have given them the strength — fear that the French might return, and a greater fear of Christophe.

His inspiring methods have often been described. One day he found a host of his men struggling with an especially huge cannon.

"It is far too heavy!" they protested. "We are not enough."

Remorselessly, His Majesty lined them up, and shot down every third man.

"Let such example increase your strength, or I'll shoot down every second."

And the massive cannon continued up the hill. There are stories, also, of a secret passageway which led up underground from Milot. If such a route existed, the secret died with Christophe. For once his great fortress was built, he killed whoever might know. The last to die, they say, was Besse, the mulatto

engineer. He stood with Christophe atop the loftiest parapet of the completed citadel.

"Only we two know the secrets, do we not?" asked Christophe.

"Only we two," responded Besse.

"That's fine," said Christophe, and he pushed Besse over the edge. "Now only *I* shall know."

The fortress walls rose so abruptly from the edge of the cliffs that their five-storied height was accentuated by the cliffs themselves. Only a dark gate led into the lower story, where were dungeons so narrow that prisoners had been forced to stand upright, often till they died from the sheer exhaustion of it.

It was a relief to find the stairway and to ascend to the long corridors with many embrasures through which the massive guns still peered out across the hills, waiting for ghostly enemies. The wooden gun carriages had mostly rotted and fallen, tilting the cannon at drunken angles. And everywhere, in pyramids and disordered heaps, great piles of cannon balls or pieces of ancient flint.

Nothing of military value had anywhere been overlooked in the construction. Rambling through the ruins, one found bake-shops and arsenals and hospitals. The tops of the walls had been designed to catch the rain and spill it into huge storage vats below.

There were even chutes, opening from what must have been the galley, for the disposal of the garrison's refuse.

Yet neither had beauty been neglected. There was nothing formal about this architecture; no two towers were ever quite alike; yet everything balanced superbly. From the topmost tower the view was truly sublime. One looked down upon a world of jumbled mountain peaks. Far to the north one glimpsed bits of the sea, of rounded bays among the hills. One dared not look too directly down. One thought too keenly of Besse, or of many another victim, pushed casually off this same tall tower.

A whimsical character, old Christophe! Tradition has it that he buried vast treasure beneath this castle, and deposited more in Europe in case he ever was forced to flee. He knew that the inevitable revolution would sooner or later materialize. He had no fear of it. But one day, robust, six-foot giant though he was, he suddenly collapsed. The news spread that Christophe had suffered a stroke. Enemies were marching upon his stronghold. And His Majesty, dramatic to the very last, gave instructions for the escape of his family. Then he loaded his pistol with a bullet of pure gold, a bullet saved for such a crisis, and calmly shot himself.

Blood Transfusion

Condensed from The American Mercury (March, '29)

Harold M. Hullsiek

Imbecile, now listen to what I have seen. When a soldier bleeds from a wound in battle these leeches say "Fever! Blood him!" and so they burn the wick at tother end too. They bleed the bled. Now at fever's heels comes desperate weakness; but these prickers and burners, having no forethought, have meantime robbed him of the very blood his hurt had spared him to battle that weakness withal; and so he dies exhausted.

THUS in the words of Denys, in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, we have open rebellion against the venerated practice of blood-letting, which, in the 15th century, was a far more universal procedure by physicians than the conserving or replenishing of it.

About 200 years later, in 1667 to be exact, another Frenchman, oddly enough by the same name, became sufficiently skeptical of the therapeutic value of removing blood to try the then novel experiment of furnishing to the depleted vessels of the sufferer a fresh supply of it.

Jean Baptiste Denys, physician to Louis XIV, had occasion to visit a child dying of repeated bleedings performed for the relief of some obscure ailment. Into the veins of the youth he caused to be injected lamb's blood, with immediate and beneficial results and the ultimate recovery of his

patient. It is a far cry from the heroic work of this pioneer surgeon to the present-day direct transfusion, using perfectly matched bloods and a technique which reduces the dangers to zero. In this day blood transfusions have come to be performed so frequently that the operation is no longer considered news even by the most provincial of newspapers.

The first transfusions were done with only a rough estimation as to the amount of blood transferred. Entirely ignorant of the now well-known fact that certain types of blood are incompatible with other types and not realizing the possibility of communicating disease by such a procedure, the early transfusers naturally made a great many failures. Severe chills and high temperatures often occurred in patients given even small amounts of blood, and fatalities were frequent among those receiving anything approaching therapeutic amounts. In fact so dire were the usual consequences that for a time blood transfusions were forbidden by royal edict.

The development of blood

transfusion made little real progress until the early nineteen hundreds, when it was found that certain bloods caused the cells of certain other bloods to dissolve. In this startling finding was immediately seen the explanation of the fatalities which had followed transfusions so persistently in the past.

Today it is a task requiring but a few minutes to procure a few drops of a donor's blood, a like amount of the patient's, and by comparing them with known or standard types, determine with absolute accuracy to which type each belongs. A patient whose blood falls in Group I may safely receive blood only from a Group I donor, a Group II patient from a Group II donor, and so on through the four groups. All danger from incompatibility, with the accompanying severe reactions or deaths, is thus eliminated.

In most hospitals at the present there are maintained lists of previously grouped individuals who have expressed their willingness to act as donors should the occasion arise, and who are immediately available. In fact in the larger cities there are persons known as professional donors, a portion of whose livelihood is

gained by the selling of blood. These people have formed associations, to a certain extent regulate fees, and sometimes even advertise their wares. A donor may, and sometimes does, give blood as often as every two or three weeks, the frequency of his donations being controlled by his particular ability to regenerate new blood. The fee received for approximately one pint of blood varies from \$25 to \$75.

With modern apparatus blood may be transferred from one person to another without exposure of the blood to the air, and without coagulation, in from five to ten minutes. The operation when properly done entails no more discomfort than that accompanying the insertion of a needle into the vein and may be rendered entirely painless by the use of a few drops of novocaine.

The conditions which are benefited by a blood transfusion are many, but the outstanding one is that in which there has been a sudden hemorrhage. In this type of cases the fresh supply of blood replaces the actual volume lost. Here the transfusion is nothing short of life saving, but to be of use it must be immediately available.



The Man Who Made Hawaii

Condensed from The New McClure's (March, '29)

Campbell MacCulloch

"IN 1901," said my San Francisco banker friend, "the total export and import trade of the Hawaiian Islands wouldn't have strained an eight figure adding machine. Up in Maine, the same year, a young man was sweating over a patch of ground making things grow. That fall his father gave him \$1500. What the boy did with that money helped jump the Islands' trade to some \$200,000,000 a year. Get Jim Dole to tell you about pineapples. Jim really put the Hawaiian Islands on the commercial map."

So I went across Market Street and called on James Drummond Dole, millionaire, of Honolulu, in his part-time office where he spends three months of the year. The other nine find him somewhere on his plantations.

"How did you pick Hawaii to grow pineapples?" I asked him.

"I didn't," he replied. "That was happen-so. There was that sum of \$1500, and when I got it, I wanted to look around a little. We had a cousin in the Islands, and, besides, I'd always wanted to see the South Seas. I'd heard that coffee looked promising down there, so I took the money and

started. When I got there coffee didn't look so promising and I was quite disappointed. Then a fellow talked pineapples to me. I got quite a little excited with visions of plantations and canneries and native workers.

"My father always said that when a decision had to be made one should get all the facts first. The only fact I had was that exporting pineapples had already been tried and had failed. That made it necessary to make my own facts, so I took over an acreage and began to raise the fruit. It was tough for a while, but finally we learned the trick." (Dole easily lapses into the Lindberghian "we.")

"Our plans were not at all tremendous. It was necessary to organize a company. That meant other people's money, and the people who had money knew all about the previous failure and were difficult to convince that conditions had changed.

"You see, the previous effort had two things wrong with it; first, that it had been made prior to annexation, which made it necessary to meet a duty on fruit entering the United States, and second, that they had tried to

ship fresh fruit, picking it green and letting it ripen in transit. A pineapple picked green is sour and tough, and a pineapple ripened artificially is sourer and tougher. And, besides, it is just about as easy to handle as a porcupine."

In 1901, when Jim Dole went to Hawaii, the total in-and-out commerce of the Islands was about \$11,000,000. Twenty-six years later this total had climbed up to \$198,000,000, an increase of 18 fold. If we plot a curve of pineapple production, then superimpose on it another curve of Hawaiian trade in dollars, the two are found to run nearly parallel. In other words, when Jim Dole started the pineapple on its career, he set going a force that kicked the Hawaiian Islands swiftly up the commercial stairs.

Nothing has advertised this American outpost of Pacific commerce better than the pineapple. Just as Brazil is best known for its coffee, Honduras for its mahogany, and South Africa for its diamonds, there's a strong publicity value to the romantic fruit. For example, I lately had a letter from a friend in London. He wrote:

"I'll be seeing you sooner than expected. We had intended to leave England for Canada, but some canned pineapple came into the house last week with 'Paradise Island' printed on the label

along with a picture of some waving palms. The combination proved too much for us and, as we have never seen the Pacific, we're going to spend six weeks loafing in the Hawaiian Islands."

"What brought pineapple up with such a rush?" I asked Dole.

"This is a competitive age," he replied. "Things either go ahead or they go back. There's no neutral point. Our success depended on finding better methods of production.

"For instance, here's an instance of 'corner cutting.' Our cans are round. So is the pineapple. Unfortunately it's not the same diameter all the way from base to top. We found only half the fruit was suitable for the standard can of slices. The rest had to go for crushed product at less value. So we set about a tedious selection job to change the shape of the fruit, and when we finally got the pineapple growing in its new shape we cut our waste 50 percent."

In 25 years, pineapple canning has been changed from a clumsy hand operation to a swift, sanitary machine process. Jim Dole, the Yankee, is himself responsible for: The design and installation of automatic carriers. Paring machines. The can stamper. The slicer feeder. Automatic feed tables. Automatic coolers. The label feeding device. The vacuum process for uniform quality. The

automatic can-testing machine, which automatically throws out defective finished cans, and some 30 important field practices.

Years ago, Dole noticed that the growing fruit lacked something. With his chemist, he began to paint his young pineapples with iron-sulphate solution. This proved to be the long-sought solution to the problem. Production was soon almost doubled by giving the pineapples needed iron.

Trouble showed its head savagely on only one occasion. In 1908-9, when other packers had begun to operate, a serious over-production glutted the market. Dole called the packers together and offered a suggestion. What they needed was to advertise, not Jones, or Smith, or Dole pineapple, but Hawaiian pineapple. "Let's tell women how good and useful and healthful the Hawaiian pineapple is."

So one of the first of the institutional advertising campaigns began. Women all over the United States began to ask their grocers for Hawaiian pineapple. Back came the business on a sounder basis. A principle was inaugurated at that conference which has become increasingly popular; the idea of making known a *type* of product without blatant superlatives boosting a brand.

Just a couple of years ago Jim Dole looked over the pineapple business and discovered that the demand for pineapple was such that all available pineapple acreage on the island of Oahu was taken up. The island was getting crowded. So he began to look for acreage elsewhere. After investigating land all the way from Mexico to Australia, he finally purchased the island of Lanai, 60 miles southeast of Honolulu.

Its area is 140 square miles, with 20,000 acres of good pineapple land. Five million dollars are going into Lanai, and it will become the greatest pineapple producing area in the world. On one plantation a plow turns a furrow *six miles long* before it need vary a hand's-breadth. Where before was an uninhabited island a city has been built with schools, churches, a Buddhist temple, a bank, hospital, radio, theaters and a radio station. The population is 2000.

"Pick out something that's going to be useful to mankind, try to make it better and cheaper than it was ever done before, and don't be afraid to spend a dollar when it becomes necessary," says Dole.

And that's how Jim Dole put the Hawaiian Islands on the commercial map.

Teaching Your Child Religion

Condensed from the World's Work (February, '29)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

THE religious training of a child inevitably begins in the home the day the child is born. A child reared in fear under parents who rely on fright to achieve good order will be predisposed to be afraid of any God in whom he may believe. Another child, reared in an atmosphere of trust, will find the love of God a congenial idea.

Whether a child shall grow up to regard life with suspicion or with confidence, to be deceitful or straightforward, contentious and grasping or coöperative and loyal — these and other basic characteristics are early determined by the treatment he receives, and obviously they enter into the essential quality of his spiritual life in general and of his religion in particular. When parents, therefore, say that they are not teaching religion to their children, they are deceiving themselves. They cannot help teaching religion.

A further truth becomes evident as the growing child passes out of infancy into youth: Religion is imitated rather than learned. In the long run no teaching of religion in a home matters except that which expresses the

way of living that the home practices. In a family where generosity reigns, where differences between Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, white and colored, rich and poor, learned and ignorant are lines across which appreciation and good will run freely, alike in word and action, religious teaching will be the elucidation of a kind of life visible to the child's eyes. It will be readily assimilated, and it will sink deep.

This same truth holds about the more intimate matter of teaching children to pray. Of course, the real way is not to teach them to pray at all, but to pray with them. Parents should also see that prayer soon becomes a matter from which they should keep hands off, trusting that the child will know by observation the value of prayer to people whom he himself has loved and admired.

Religion is something that only secondarily can be taught. It must primarily be absorbed. Only when religious teaching is an outward explanation of what is first of all an inward and experienced way of living, does it carry through.

After these two initial stages have been passed, in which the child's basic emotional reactions have been set and his family's religion or irreligion absorbed, there is sure to come the period of conscious questioning. Many parents are upset and distressed by this. They have taken it for granted that they had the right to hand on to the child their own religion. It is often difficult to persuade them that the rise of impatient and even distracted questioning is a sign of intellectual life, and that it is so much to be expected that the psychologists can fix the average age when this condition should occur — at about 18 years in boys and 15 years in girls.

Robert Browning, as he himself says, was "passionately religious" when he was a boy, and he certainly was nobly and undiscourageably religious when he was a man, but in between came the upset when he questioned everything and called himself an atheist. This must have been a very disturbing phase for Browning's parents. But Browning was finding that in religion supremely Goethe's words hold true: "What you have inherited from your fathers you must earn for yourself before you can really call it yours."

The attitudes of parents toward this fact are interestingly diverse. Some are so much impressed by it that they feel all

definite teaching of religion to their children to be impertinent intrusion; and they try to keep the child's mind neutral until, coming of age, he can choose for himself. The attempt is uniformly unsuccessful. The child's mind never stays neutral. From primitive and inescapable questions, such as who made the world or what happens when our friends die, to curiosity about habits of worship, the child's mind is bound to take a religious bent one way or another. Parents cannot put off their responsibility in this matter.

Some parents go to the opposite extreme. They endeavor so to indoctrinate the child's mind with their own conceptions of religion that he never can escape them. Often fear is powerfully employed in this class of teaching, and I find grown people still laboring under an ingrained dread of thinking for themselves. In this way children are taught to associate doubt with sin, questioning with treachery against God, and so the child's mind is bound hand and foot to start with, forestalling the first motions in the direction of religious independence.

Wise parents will, I think, adopt neither the policy of neutrality nor that of dogmatic dragooning. Two major considerations will, instead, control their method.

First, they will take it for granted that the child's religion must be his own; that he will in all probability come to the time when he will question what he has been taught, will rethink it, will alike retain, reject, and adjust it, and that no parent should wish him not to. In view of this, the parent will desire above all else to teach the child from the beginning as little as possible that he will need to unlearn.

The way parents lie to their children in matters of religion is to me a constant and shocking astonishment. Here is a mother who tells me that in answer to her four-year-old's question as to where God is she has said, "In heaven"; and in reply to the further inquiry as to where heaven is she has said, "In the sky." This mother has now waked up to the fact that these heedless answers were downright falsehoods. She did not believe what she said. And she did not, apparently, comprehend that teaching the child an idea of God set in such an incredible framework of imagination was the surest way to have that child say some day that she did not believe in God.

The New Testament says that God is love; that where love is, God is also, dwelling in those who are lovers of their fellows; that God is spirit, surrounding and interpenetrating us so that he lives in us and we live in him.

Some parents seem to think such an idea of God too rarefied to be taught to children. Upon the contrary, it is adults who commonly are too crass to understand it, while children can grasp it more easily than they can any other. Most parents condescend to their children when they talk about religion. They never need to.

The second item in a wise parent's program logically follows: When questions begin to come the parent will deal with them honestly. If he knows the answer, he will give it as he sees it. If he does not know the answer, he will say so. In any case he will scrupulously tell the truth. This advice may seem superfluous. The fact is, however, that many parents shamelessly tell falsehoods about all the deepest matters of life, from camouflaging the facts about sex to doling out sophistries about the Bible. An honest agnostic who takes his son into his confidence, talks over with him the solemn problem of life as if they two were intellectual comrades facing an elemental mystery and trying together to see some sense in it, will have a much better spiritual result than a believer who dodges the real questions, assumes certainty he does not feel, gives answers he himself does not understand, and in general pretends.

We have been dealing with the religious training of children within the home, but it is an unhappy home that must solve the problem without the coöperation of the church. Religion is both individual and social. It is an inward, mystical experience, but if it is wholesome it overflows in coöperative fellowship. No man can be completely religious all alone.

The tendency in many American homes today is to neglect those factors in religious training for which the church chiefly stands. In doing so they overlook an educational factor which psychologists are constantly emphasizing. Children learn by doing. Telling a little child a truth is the worst way to teach it to him. Let the child, if possible, do something that involves the lesson; let him act as though it were true. To tell a child that he should be courteous is to begin at the wrong end. Teach him to say "Thank you," to lift his hat, to rise when a lady enters. Train him, that is, in the concrete ritual practices of courtesy, and so, say the psychologists, the doing of the courteous acts will beget the courteous spirit.

The popular undervaluing of outward religious acts is thus thoroughly bad psychology. Granted that ritual in any realm from courtesy to worship can become formal, empty, and stiff. Nevertheless, with all its dangers it is an absolute necessity. We cannot neglect all formal expressions of courtesy and still retain courtesy itself, nor can we train children in the spirit of religion if the appropriate activities of worship and devotion are forgotten.

This truth especially applies to the rearing of a child. Let him be trained as early as possible not only in ethical behavior but symbolic behavior, such as bowing in thanks before meals, kneeling at family prayers, joining in the worship of the church.

To be sure, all this can quite easily be made dry as dust. Some churches and some ministers are murderers, not makers, of beauty in worship, and render repellent what should attract the soul toward God. Happy the homes where, as in some families I know, being made to stay home from church is one of the most dreaded punishments in the parents' entire arsenal.



The Art of Bluffing

Excerpts from Collier's, The National Weekly

CAN you define "psychoterminality"? If you can't, you know more than 21 out of 29 students in the University of Pennsylvania, for when Professor S. W. Fernsberger asked a class in an examination to explain its meaning he got expositions of this nonexistent subject from more than two thirds of the students.

But the most thorough investigation of the extent of the fine art of bluffing has been made by Ernest F. Thelin and Paul C. Scott of the University of Cincinnati on 100 university and 47 high-school students, as well as on 58 persons who had not had the advantages of higher education.

The students were asked to underline the name of the character using alleged quotations from *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, many of them fictitious. Or to designate the authors of certain unwritten books. Or in a vocabulary test to define certain words coined for the occasion.

Bluffing is defined by the investigators as "pretending to have greater knowledge than is actually possessed." The amount of bluffing done by different students varied from 5 to 81 percent. Half the students bluffed

46.58 percent or more. One fourth of them bluffed 60.97 percent or more. Only one fourth of them bluffed 30.35 percent or less. The freshmen bluffed most; seniors least. The men bluffed a little more than the women. The students who ranked highest academically averaged lowest scores in bluffing.

The non-university group, consisting of bookkeepers, tool-makers, chauffeurs, salesmen and laundrymen of about the same age, bluffed less than those who had had training in this art in college. Their average bluffing score was only 25.7 percent.

It appears from this that our educational system trains to dishonesty and pretentiousness, to false assumption of knowledge and concealment of ignorance, which is the opposite of what it is intended to do. For education has for its aim quite as much the defining of one's area of ignorance as the extending of one's area of knowledge. — *Edwin E. Slosson.*

When Washington Was Scandalized!

A history of inaugural parades is really a history of the Presidency and of the popular attitude toward it. The early Presidents were not popularly elected. They

were chosen by the elder statesmen called electors, who are now a sort of vermiform appendix in our electoral system. Roads were ruts and traveling was difficult. Washington was only a village, so that there were no great crowds to see the President sworn in as head of the nation.

Precedents for inauguration were borrowed from regal England, diluted to suit tastes cultivated in New England town meetings. They used to call the White House the "palace" in those days. And democratic John Adams used to worry because there were no titles of nobility. Society was aristocratic, in theory, at least. The inaugural ball presented no problems of class or caste. Government clerks who had powder for their wigs and proper buckles for their shoes went to it, mingling without question with the gentlemen who ought to have been lords but were not.

The first really popular election, that of Andrew Jackson, brought a great change. Jackson's admirers, riding flea-bitten horses and wearing coonskin coats and caps, descended upon Washington from the frontier in Kentucky and Tennessee like a plague of locusts. Respectable Washington was scandalized, retired to its houses and pulled down its shades to shut out the scabrous spectacle.

Nice ladies held their noses. John Quincy Adams left the White House in haste to avoid contamination. There wasn't much of a parade, for the swell military organizations of the District refused to march in honor of the low life. But 10,000 or so of his admirers rushed at him enthusiastically after the inaugural address and would probably have trampled him in their affectionate demonstration except that a ship's hawser was stretched in front of him to hold them back. They crowded the White House and stood with muddy boots on the chairs and sofas to catch a glimpse of him.

In those days Presidents were generally known by an affectionate nickname. Zachary Taylor used to go down to market every morning with a market basket on his arm. The relation of the public to the President was similar to that of the burghers of New York to gay Jimmy Walker. There was not much awe of Presidents then. When President Tyler was leaving the White House he planned to take a boat down the Potomac to his Virginia home. He arrived with all his household belongings, slaves and family a moment after the boat left the wharf. Someone called to the captain, "Put back for President Tyler!" The captain, a good Whig, shouted "President Tyler be damned. He

can wait." And the boat proceeded on its way.

Another incident: When Harrison was about to be inaugurated, national guardsmen gathered on the White House steps on March 3 and made the night hideous by singing, "We'll put old Grover in the cold, cold ground," alternating this song with demands to be let in to sleep in the corridors of the White House. No one stopped them. Even liquor would not make men bold enough to do that now that the distance has widened between the people and the Presidency. — *Clinton W. Gilbert.*

The Deaf Hear the "Talkies"

Producers of talking motion pictures naturally thought that they would lose the patronage of deaf persons, but happily they are wrong. For some curious reason the deaf can hear everything! Some of them are enjoying music and stage dialogue for the first time in their lives. Maybe it comes about through the same principle that permits the deaf to hear the most intimate conversations on a street car. But whatever the reason, they are all excited over sound pictures. — *Rob Wagner.*

More Hate: Less Heed

Ernest Lissauer is a German

poet. You probably heard of him during the war. He wrote the most terrible of all the terrible poems inspired by the war. It was a lyric roar for vengeance and slaughter. He called it "The Hymn of Hate."

This rollicking nursery rhyme was taught to millions of children and sung by noncombatants and by robust choruses of fighting men. It whipped otherwise amiable Germans into furious detestation of their enemies.

The other day Lissauer, bard of hatred, recanted. He had learned his lesson — that sensible men and nations have no time for hatred. It consumes nervous energy and invariably breeds reprisals. Hate never profits anybody.

Even at the crest of the success of Lissauer's odious hymn, the objects of that hatred paid little heed. For one of the choice stories of the war was told by a British officer who intruded on a Tommie's entertainment back of the lines to observe two miserable Prussian prisoners hauled to the stage by a blustering cockney sergeant who announced: "Our friends 'Ans and Fritz will now oblige with the 'ymn of 'ate."

There are only two reasonable outcomes for all hatreds — ridicule and repentance.

The World's Problem of Petroleum

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (March, '29)

Judson C. Welliver

PETROLEUM is a marvelously versatile resource. Transportation by land and sea, by air, and undersea is so dependent on it that it is become a prime factor in determining the political security, the military power, and the industrial rank of nations and empires.

Thus increasingly dependent upon petroleum supplies, the world recognizes that those supplies are limited, irreplaceable, and liable to disastrous depletion. Such is the avidity wherewith powerful states have been seeking, since the World War, to insure their petroleum supplies, that no backward or small country which finds itself suddenly rich in this resource can feel entire political security.

The huge industrial fabric based on petroleum was founded in the United States. Year by year roundly 70 percent of petroleum produced by the world is produced and used in the United States. This situation has long been responsible for fears lest, becoming increasingly dependent upon this element, our country should some time confront a supreme disaster with its depletion. It was recognition of this

possibility that induced President Coolidge's establishment of the Oil Conservation Board.

Right at the height of our war-time productiveness, when American oil was a chief factor of Allied power, an eminent British authority voiced the claim that, while America had been exhausting its oil riches, the British Empire had been acquiring control of such huge oil resources that Britain was surely destined to an early dominance in this field. But no more had the Conservation Board been created than the whole picture suddenly changed.

New and rich oil fields were discovered and opened in various parts of this country. Improved manufacturing, notably "cracking," greatly increased the recovery of the most valuable petroleum constituents. Better field methods began to increase the proportion of oil brought forth from the oil sands. All these things presently brought about a feast where famine had threatened, over-supply where shortage had been feared. To the industry, here and abroad, these conditions were demoralizing. Prices fell, oceans of oil went into

storage, waste was inevitable.

The industry, from being hostile to governmental regulation and measures to limit production, began to demand these. But the difficulties — constitutional, legal, economic, traditional — seemed well-nigh insuperable. Such is substantially the situation today; such it has been for more than two years past.

This oil picture of America must be kept in mind to enable one to understand a closely parallel world situation now fast developing. An epoch of over-production is in sight everywhere, if not yet begun.

Rather more than 96 percent of oil is produced in eight countries. In order of importance they are: the United States, Venezuela, Russia, Mexico, Persia, Rumania, Dutch East Indies, and Colombia. All these heavily increased their production from 1922 to 1928. It has been authoritatively estimated, for instance, that at the recent rate of increase Venezuela alone by 1932 would produce as much oil as the whole world did in 1917.

Nearly all the powers in the oil world are active in Venezuela — the Standard group of the United States, several of the great American independents, and the Royal Dutch-Shell. The Dutch-Shell holdings are the largest; said to be, in fact, the greatest producing property ever held by a single

company in the history of the industry. The fact that these companies, foreseeing overproduction, have been able to come to an agreement limiting production in Venezuela, is one of the most hopeful signs of the international situation.

To understand the trend in this direction, it is necessary roughly to appraise the great factors. Companies of the Standard group have large holdings in Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Iraq, Persia, and, of course, in the United States. Before the war they were deeply interested in Russia and are still pressing claims against the Soviet for confiscating their holdings there. Many American independents are entrenched in outlying parts of the world, alongside Dutch-Shell, Anglo-Persian, and the Standards.

The Dutch-Shell combination of more than 125 affiliated corporations in production, refining, shipping, marketing, exploration, is often accounted the greatest single oil corporation in the world. The chief units are the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company and the Shell Transport and Trading Company. Founded in Holland, it has since come under British control through Lord Bearsted and Sir Henry Deterding.

Sir Henry Deterding is a native of Holland. In Europe he is accounted the greatest individual

force in the oil world, and is called the Napoleon of oil. The Shell group is very powerful in the United States, controlling some of the biggest of American producing, refining, and marketing organizations.

Next to the Dutch-Shell, the foremost non-American producer is the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, now headed by Sir John Cadman. Like Deterding, he is on friendly terms with the American industry.

If Deterding is the Napoleon, Cadman is the Talleyrand of European oil: scholar, diplomat, amazing negotiator. In 1914 he was a university professor. He convinced Winston Churchill that direct control of oil by the Government was necessary to insure British sea and air power; and Churchill in turn induced the British cabinet to buy control of the Anglo-Persian.

In 1921 Cadman, addressing the American Petroleum Institute, urged coöperation and understanding on a world basis. No less scandalous than the waste in oil production, he said, is the waste in distribution. Pointing out that Persian oil goes to Iceland, to Australia, and to England, he declared it all wrong and urged that each producing region should care for its logical pro-

ducing area and keep out of the others.

Russia is the enigma of the world's oil game. Controlling enormous resources, the Soviets have steadfastly refused to return or settle for confiscated properties. Greatly needing money and having in oil their most promising cash crop, they have cut prices and demoralized markets. With Russia coöperating, the outlook for stabilizing world conditions would be vastly better.

Nowadays, efforts at large coöperation are motivated more by concern for the industry's prosperity than by the fear of exhaustion of oil supplies. Where pessimists a few years ago feared exhaustion in possibly 20 or 30 years, one eminently respectable authority declared recently that there was now oil in sight to supply the world for over 3000 years!

Before any shortage comes, industrial and economic changes will undoubtedly have made it possible to produce oil commercially from the almost unlimited stores of oil-bearing shales, and from coal and lignite. The Germans have made such progress in the latter direction that they will shortly be able to supply their motor-fuel requirements from that source.



Dog Sense

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (March, '29)

Scotty Allen, Famous Alaskan Musher

"I WANT you to chloroform this dog. He's dangerous."

"How?"

"Oh, a lot of ways. Tore the clothing off the last man who tried to handle him. Bit the fellow who cleans the kennel. Wants to fight every other dog. Howls and barks if he feels like it. Mess all around."

This conversation went on outside my place in Nome, Alaska, a few years ago. As I'd done a good deal of dog racing I suppose I was looked upon as a good person to put away undesirable dogs. However, I can't remember ever having killed a dog.

While the man talked I studied the dog, standing there with hanging head, muzzled and leashed. His eyes were keen, his chest wide and his haunches rippling with muscle. And I made up my mind. "No," I said, "I won't kill him."

The fellow seemed a little taken aback. Then I guess he caught the way I was admiring the build of his dog.

"Would you care to take him?"

I said, "Sure, I'll take him."

For three days I kept the dog — Jack was his name — chained to the big kennel. I wanted him to

get used to me and to the spirit of my other dogs. I knew by experience he'd absorb these things whether he wanted to or not.

Jack was a bad actor, all right. When I fed the gang, he'd rear up and make a racket as if he'd tear me to pieces if I'd give him a chance. I guess my own dogs wondered how the newcomer got away with any such behavior. My old leader specially kept his eye cocked on me, no doubt looking forward to the pleasure of seeing this noisy hoodlum get what was coming to him.

On the fourth morning the test came. I went right up to him in a business-like way and put the harness on him. He took it without a hostile move. I mated him with a strong, sensible dog on the tow line about midway between the sledge and the leader. I counted on my old leader's keeping the team strung out so they wouldn't "gang" Jack, as dogs sometimes will when a new dog won't behave. That would have been the end of him.

Jack now began to jump up and down like a crazy creature. The minute he was hitched he wanted to take charge and be off. If he didn't like the way things went,

he'd attack the driver or start a fight among the whole team.

On purpose I didn't have a whip in my hand. I spoke to Jack. I went around to the other dogs and adjusted their harness. "Shut up!" I called to him as he got more and more excited. When I passed him, I struck him lightly on the nose with my mitten to show him I wasn't worrying about his threats.

At this he flew at me like a mad wolf. But I had gauged the distance correctly. His tow line and neck strap stopped him just before he reached my throat. As he was yanked down, I sprang forward and seized him by the jowls. With the full strength of my shoulders I jammed his whole head into the snow. By throwing my weight into my elbows, I managed to hold him down till he relaxed. I had won the first round.

Now the big moment had come. I knew, and I knew that Jack knew, that I hadn't beaten him in fair fight. If I had stopped now, he'd always remember this. Quickly I unsnapped his neck and tow lines and stepped back, unwinding my whip from my waist.

Pretty soon Jack rolled over on his stomach. His black eyes, sharp with fury, were fixed on me. I called him to come to me and swung my whip, but not to hit him. I had no idea of beating him that way. I just wanted him

to see the gesture before it was too late.

Almost at the same instant he let drive. You never realize how far a big dog can jump until he comes at you in anger. He literally shot through the air. But I knew what to expect. I ducked. As he sailed by my shoulder, I grabbed his belly-band. It took quick work. But before he caught his balance, I swung him over and down. Again I seized his jowls with all the strength I had, and crammed one knee into his ribs.

We had it out to a finish. I wasn't really hurting him. But I was infuriating him beyond control. So long as I held his jowls and kept some of my weight on him he couldn't bite me. But if my grip had slipped, nothing could have saved me. My wife, who was watching, nearly lost her mind as we rolled wildly around there in the snow.

Finally I got Jack's nose into soft snow. With all my strength I pushed it down and down. I was thankful when at last he went limp. For a few moments I didn't get up. I was tuckered out.

Then I stood back and waited for Jack to come to. When he opened his eyes, he rolled them at me. I talked to him gently:

"Come here, Jack, old boy. Come on, old man. We don't want to fight, do we?"

He began to whine. Slowly he crawled over to me. I held the

whip in my hand so he could see it. I wanted him to feel that I could thrash him if I chose. When he was at my feet, I leaned over and patted him. Slowly he stood up, looking into my eyes as if he couldn't believe that he wasn't being whipped. His tail began to wag. All the time I was talking to him:

"We're friends now, old fellow. You're going to be a great dog on my team. Let's hitch up and go. What do you say?"

His tail was wagging harder than ever. I hitched him up. "All right!" I called. Jack jumped into his place and trotted, tail up, pulling as hard as any dog I had. I'd won.

From that day on Jack got better and better. Later he was one of the great racing dogs of Alaska.

Now I'll tell you what was the matter with Jack: *he hadn't had a proper bringing up.*

When Jack was a young dog, he had not been made to mind. When he was an older dog, he was still undisciplined. As a result, when he was trained to the last minute for racing, when he was strong and well-fed and every nerve jumping for the word "Mush," he hadn't learned

enough self-control to stand the strain. He was so high-strung he'd buffalo his driver into letting him do what he wanted. And when the driver tried to handle him, he'd fly at the man.

When I tell this yarn to people whose dogs haven't any manners, or are completely out of control, they usually say:

"That doesn't apply to *our* dog. Your Jack was a big, fierce Alaskan animal. We couldn't bear to have a *fight* with our Fido."

But they're wrong. True, I've had most to do with malemutes, those powerful animals we drive in the arctic, dogs that can sleep out in 80 degrees below zero and live on frozen fish for months; dogs that can nuzzle snow for water and gnaw rawhide for grub; that can tear off a hundred miles of trail between dawn and dark and come up for another day of it; hard dogs, half-wolf and altogether primitive. But I've had a lot to do with other dogs, too. And I have yet to find the dog that doesn't need bringing up to make it a good dog just as a child needs proper bringing up to make it a decent man or woman.

(To be continued)



The Not-So-Lonely Eagle

Excerpts from *The New Yorker*

MISS ANNE MORROW was asked by a classmate at Smith College last spring, soon after Colonel Lindbergh had taken her up for her first flight, if she liked flying. She said she loved it. "You'll go up often now that you've tried it," her friend suggested. Miss Morrow was doubtful. "I'm afraid not," she said, regretfully. "You see my family won't let me fly with anyone but Colonel Lindbergh."

When Lindbergh is in New York City he frequently visits a certain apartment house. He calls on the owner of the penthouse there, who is financially interested in aviation. In riding up in the elevator, people who recognized Lindbergh used to accost him. Usually they wanted him to get off at the ninth or tenth floor and meet their mother or uncle. This annoyance has resulted in a special rule at this building. Whenever Lindbergh comes in he is ushered to an elevator which takes him straight to the roof, no other passengers being carried.

Here is a story told us by a fellow flier. One evening, Lindbergh was attending a party in

town. Things dragged a bit until a parlor genius stepped forward and suggested a game, which consisted in tying the ladies and gentlemen together in pairs—pleasantly, and with stout rope. The ringleader of this fanciful tourney announced that the object of the game was to see which couple could get free first; but most of the gentlemen failed to take him at his word. Finding themselves lashed to beauty, they lost interest in freedom. Not so Lindbergh. Tied to a handsome dame, he became all competitive spirit, all earnest endeavor, all practical resolve, and while the others repaired to corners and plucked in a desultory and suspiciously ineffectual way at the knots, Lindbergh, with the craftsmanship of a Boy Scout and the strength of a lion, triumphantly burst his bonds in less than 60 seconds, and won—leaving the field trailing happily far behind.

His lady, so our informant says, was a little sulky the remainder of the evening. Commercial aviation forged steadily ahead.

Out in the midlands, the older generation is likely to regard as a lost soul a young man who removes to New York. The city is presumed to destroy a man's

faith and cause him to go about in the market-places mocking the gods. A young fellow from Ohio has lived here several years and in all that time he has been much too busy to go around breaking icons. When he recently returned home to Elyria for his first visit, however, the general feeling among his female relatives was that he was no longer the same, sweet boy. One aunt, named Emily, marked with uneasiness his trim mustache, his gay laughter, his bright tie, and finally laid her hand solemnly on his knee. With dread and doubt in her eyes she said, "Tell me, have you any admiration for Lindbergh?"

Extension superintendents have had interesting experiences in the West while picking field and beacon sites for the air mail. W. T. Miller, an engineer of the airways division, says: "We met some odd characters during the ground surveys. We found people living in lonely shacks who had never been out of that region. They'd never seen a train, and I naturally expected that aviation would be totally unknown to them. But I got a surprise. They knew what flying was and we never found a solitary person who didn't know all about Lindbergh, even an old hermit in the most forsaken place you could come across." *New York Herald-Tribune.*

Colonel Lindbergh is our national hero, which seems to mean that for the rest of his life he will be obliged to shake hands, pose for the newspapers, write autographs and make after dinner speeches. It is said that at a great house at which he was lately entertained the Colonel's host discovered that his guest possessed but one lone shirt. He asked the aviator politely about his needs.

"What can I do?" explained Lindbergh. "If I send a shirt to the laundry I never get it back. They cut it up for souvenirs." *Heywood Broun in The Nation.*

The tabloids, with their usual delicacy, announce "the exclusive story of the wooing and winning of Anne Morrow," which is "packed with heart throbs." We are informed that the "love cote" will be furnished with the gifts Lindy has received from his admirers. We have a desolate impression that they will live in a museum and eat their first meal off of Congressional medals. The *New York American*, too, has a nose for news. It tells of the illness of Dwight Morrow, Jr., under the headline: "Brother of Lindy's Fiancée in Hospital"; and we have no doubt that when next Mr. Morgan gets into the news he will be designated merely as "Former Partner of Father of Lindy's Fiancée." — *The Nation.*

How Lincoln Reached Washington

Condensed from St. Nicholas Magazine (March, '29)

Agnes L. Taylor

TO hear history from men who helped make it is much more real than anything out of a book. Sometimes H. F. Kenney, former superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, could be persuaded to relate the story of how Lincoln reached Washington for his inauguration in 1861, when certain of his enemies had vowed that he should never get there. Here it is as he used to tell it:

Feeling ran high after Lincoln's election. Our railroad was then the only line between Philadelphia and the South and we had reason to think there was some plot on foot to damage it so as to interrupt travel. We had therefore engaged Allan Pinkerton, head of the detective agency, to watch certain points, and while keeping watch he had learned something of much greater import — of a conspiracy in Baltimore to assassinate Lincoln when he should pass through that city on his way to Washington.

Lincoln had just come to Philadelphia — on February 21 — but when Pinkerton saw him he would not at first believe that there was a plot to murder him.

On the same day, however, Lincoln heard through another source that he could not pass through Baltimore alive if he should travel on the day and the train scheduled. After the second warning Lincoln consented to follow any measures his friends agreed upon, provided they should not interfere with his speaking engagements next day, at Independence Hall and at Harrisburg.

At eight o'clock the next morning Lincoln raised the flag at Independence Hall, and went on the 9:30 train to Harrisburg, taking, as people thought, his final leave of Philadelphia.

It was on that afternoon that I was called into the project to help in a plan for getting Mr. Lincoln to Washington secretly, by way of Philadelphia instead of from Harrisburg as his journey had been announced. My part in the plan was first of all to send for the conductor of the 10:50 train from Philadelphia that night — Litzenberg was his name — and give him explicit orders not to start his train till I, in person, should hand him "an important package of papers" which I told him was to be delivered to a Mr.

Allen in Washington next morning. I impressed this on him so thoroughly that he said:

"Mr. Kenney, I won't take out the train till you come with the dispatches, or till they bring me your dead body."

In Harrisburg, a great dinner had been given in Lincoln's honor, and when he rose from the table it was thought he was going to the Executive Mansion. Instead, he secretly drove to the station and boarded a special train for Philadelphia. To insure the absolute secrecy of this move, the aid of the telegraph superintendent had been enlisted, and he "fixed" the wires so that Harrisburg was completely isolated by wire for one night.

About ten o'clock I went to the Pennsylvania station in Philadelphia and met Pinkerton. We had waited but a short time when the special, with only one car attached, drew in. Out stepped Mr. Lincoln with his friend, Ward H. Lamon. I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln, who shook hands and then got immediately into a carriage. This carriage was a stray one that Pinkerton had picked up on his way to the station, so that the driver had never seen any of us before. I was delegated to sit on the box with the driver while we made the trip across the city to our station from which the Washington train left. We were to arrive a

little after 10:50, in order to avoid notice, because that was the last train out that night, and nobody would linger about after its departure time.

This required us to while away some time, for the special had arrived a little early. Accordingly I had the driver proceed slowly down certain streets, while I peered about as if looking for some one. To my great dismay, he talked almost incessantly about "Old Abe," and the probability of his being killed by the "Secesh" faction. I could not divert him to any other topic.

After what seemed an endless ride, we pulled up at a side of the station which allowed us to alight in the shadow of the station-yard fence, and there dismissed the carriage. That talkative old cabby never knew he had driven the fate of a nation about town that night.

It was not quite 10:50; taking leave of the others, I went around to the front of the station and watched there until at 10:55 I saw Mr. Lincoln, leaning on Pinkerton's arm and stooping slightly so as not to draw attention to his height, come into the station by a side door and cross the empty lobby, followed by Mr. Lamon. Thrown over his shoulders was the traveling shawl which he carried upon his journeys; it was drawn close, and as his head was bent, it hid the

lower part of his face so that he could not be easily recognized. I then came into the station and following the party, saw them get on the sleeping-car where, early in the day, a woman aide of Pinkerton's had engaged the rear end for her "invalid brother." It was the last car on the train, and the rear was cut off from the rest by a heavy curtain.

I walked on down the empty platform with the package of "valuable papers" under my arm, passed the silent sleeper, and handed the parcel to Litzenberg who immediately gave the order to start. As the train began to move, Litzenberg walked beside me for a few yards and said significantly,

"Is 'Old Abe' going through to Washington tonight?"

I could trust his loyalty, so looking at him straight I said:

"John, if you think you have him on board, you must take mighty good care of him."

He caught the rail as the train gathered speed and swung up to the platform; leaning out, he raised his cap and waved it with a very meaning smile, and then the train pulled out into the night.

My part in the plan was done. No one had seen him start for Washington. I went home, but not to get much sleep. Very early I went down to the office to get

news. At Baltimore, which was then the terminus of our road, passengers had to cross the city to the Baltimore and Ohio station. Sleeping cars were drawn through the dark streets by horses from one station to the other. This transfer was the point of special danger; but I received news that all had been silent in the sleeping city. When I heard that Mr. Lincoln had started for Washington from the other station without any suspicion getting abroad, I knew he was safe.

The train reached Washington about six o'clock, and while there were a few early birds about the station, Lincoln escaped recognition. Washington woke up to learn that the President-elect had already arrived in the capital. If there was astonishment at the news in Washington, in Baltimore there was bitter disappointment — even rage; for while only a few were involved in the plot, somehow the hope and expectation was entertained in disaffected circles that Lincoln would never be allowed to reach Washington.

And the important parcel?

Oh, yes, it was safely delivered into "Mr. Allen's" hands that morning. There was nothing in that parcel but *old newspapers*. I ought to know, for I tied them up myself.

Don't Be Deceived by Appearances

Condensed from The American Magazine (March, '29)

Merle Crowell

GEORGE HARDING, the patent attorney, liked to tell a story which has a point few of us can afford to miss.

In 1856, Mr. Harding, while working on a case in Cincinnati, was speaking to several distinguished men when a gaunt, awkward country lawyer from Illinois was introduced to them. Not only did the group pay scant attention to the stranger, but presently they turned their backs on him.

That was Abraham Lincoln.

More than 20 years later Harding was trying another case in a town that happened to be crowded. Hotels were spilling over. A man whom Harding had met casually asked if he couldn't share his room. He refused, with firm courtesy.

That man was Grover Cleveland.

"After that, I decided that I couldn't judge people by appearances," Mr. Harding used to say, with a smile.

Genius is often stingy with her show windows. Some of her beneficiaries look the part. Many do not.

Yesterday I presented a friend to one of the brainiest business men in New York.

"Is that the great — ?" he asked later. "Why, he strikes me as something the cat brought in."

"Maybe," I replied, "but I know he has a shrewd, brilliant brain and a warm, courageous heart under that curious appearance."

A few years ago I met a world-famous writer whose work I have always extravagantly admired. He looked to me like the perfect proprietor of a butcher shop. I know a preacher of the most sensitive spiritual qualities who might pass for a professional pugilist. On the other hand, three of the most futile Presidents would have been perfect artists' models for Masters of the White House.

Snap judgments aren't all they are cracked up to be.

When Nature is making geniuses she has a habit of paying more attention to the contents than to the container.



Why Crime Doesn't Pay

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (February 9, '29)

Charles Frances Coe

THERE is a well-accepted fictional tenet to the effect that crime does not pay. This tenet is not strictly accurate in that crime, as a business, is rampant in the United States and does pay. The point is, it does not pay the man who commits it.

There are reasons for this, just as there are reasons for everything. In this day of organization it is not possible for a criminal to forage as a lone wolf. The lone wolf, in fact, has always been a gift of the fictionist. Let us follow the steps of a man who determines to act without the assistance or coöperation of others, thus maintaining secrecy. We will assume that he has been able to break into a home or an office and has stolen valuables, the equivalent of the annual salary of the average worker. Understand, there are great difficulties in accomplishing even so much, but we assume that it is done.

Now what does he do with it? If he goes to an honest man to dispose of his ware he is sure to be caught. He must, therefore, go to a dishonest man; a fence, a receiver of stolen goods.

The negotiations which follow that step are interesting in that

the thief who receives as much as 20 percent of the value of what he steals is a fortunate thief. All goods must be sold on the basis of forced sale. There can be no competitive bidding nor can there be any publicity. The receiver must buy at 20 percent of value because he, in turn, must sell at 50 percent of value. Therefore, for every \$100 the thief steals he gets \$20.

Even then crime might be said to pay the criminal except for the fact that a man who receives stolen goods becomes a source of danger. He must have a continuous supply in order that his business may prosper. Once he discovers a man is a thief, he expects that man to return to him each time he steals anything. If the man fails him in that, the receiver becomes suspicious and very often brings about the arrest of the thief in order to protect himself.

Again, once a thief sells to a receiver, that receiver feels free to use the thief in future activities. All receivers are in touch with criminals. Most of them receive reports of projected robberies and often place a value on certain loot if the thief will

steal it. If the thief and the receiver are unable to agree upon values and the thief declines to go ahead, the receiver may virtually instruct other thieves to steal the loot at the price he puts on it.

So it is that the man who would follow a criminal career essentially places himself in the hands of dishonest people. Dishonest people are inevitably disloyal too.

However, let us continue a step farther. Presume that the thief has stolen loot valued at \$10,000, for which he has received \$2000 in cash. The receiver, who has paid him this sum, is very apt to whisper to others of his cronies the good news that the thief has \$2000 in cash. It follows that the bookmakers, touts, gambling-house boosters and racketeers of every sort are instantly on the trail of the successful thief.

If the thief recognizes the inevitable and plays along with his new associates, his gains will quickly be frittered away in any of a dozen schemes designed for the purpose. If he refuses to play, vengeance is likely to be taken by strong-arm methods or by the insidious process of advising the police of his whereabouts and the crime of which he was guilty.

Surprising as it may seem, this latter is a very common procedure among fences. It has the effect of protecting them against the testimony of the thief in case he is

apprehended. If the thief tells where he disposed of the material, the receiver pretends that he purchased the goods in innocence. If the thief, however, does not break down and takes in silence the penalty of the crime, the receiver says nothing and profits much.

One instantly thinks that at least the receiver makes crime pay. To a very great degree this is true except for the habit of the dishonest dollar to propagate woe.

After a brief time the receiver of stolen goods is in the exact relation to a coterie of thieves that the single thief is in relation to the receiver. If he receives more than the thief himself after a crime, he keeps very little of it. He is ever on tap for the needs of his coterie of thieves. The expenses of trials must be borne by him to prevent talk on the part of criminals. He must be ready with bail. He must pay lawyers. He must pay hush money to incarcerated criminals, and he must finance thieves when they are out of funds, a condition which is prevalent.

Now what of the man who manages to steal cash? Recently a pay-roll robbery in an Eastern city was said to have netted the five robbers \$200,000 in cash. But to carry it out, these men had first to steal or purchase the three automobiles they used. Then they had to have manufactured some-

where the illegal license plates with which to disguise those automobiles. They had to get the firearms, sale and possession of which are against the law.

After the crime, everyone who had helped them with the implements possessed information which was worth a good deal of money. The criminals, therefore, were immediately faced by the necessity of paying for silence. You may rest assured that the charge was a heavy one, particularly as newspapers usually give an excessive figure for the theft and those who demand the price of silence base their charges on that figure.

The mental and nervous strain inevitably encountered in such a robbery is terrific. Just as soon as it is over, provided the criminal escapes, he must find surcease. In doing so he lives up to the tradition of the underworld. He buys champagne in night clubs at \$25 a bottle. His nerves are shattered and his imagination runs riot. He gathers about him cronies who are out of funds, and they drink his wine with him. He struts a brief

moment. But if he escapes the hand of the law, thirty or sixty days will find him broke.

There is no profit in crime for the simple reason that the criminal must buy his way through life. No matter how much he steals, his payments are in proportion.

I do not believe I exaggerate in the statement that the criminal is very much more hounded by other criminals than he is by the police. The average criminal fears other criminals infinitely more than he fears the police. In order to commit a crime a man has got to trust somebody, and nowhere in all the world is anyone with criminal knowledge who is to be trusted. The thing is fundamental, primary, basic. It is the inevitable condition which every criminal must face.

Even if we had no police departments our courts would remain busy, because thief would turn in thief as a matter of self-preservation.

The law makes it possible for thief to say to thief: "I'll tell on you." That, in my judgment, is the law's greatest power.



What Do You Deduce?

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (March, '29)

Corey Ford

TWO years ago it was Character Analysis and Twenty Questions, last year it was *What'll We Do Now?* and now we have Baffle Parties; and that, my little tots, is why Grandpa Corey is rapidly getting known as a sour old recluse who never sticks his nose out of doors, and wouldn't come to a week-end except over the hostess's dead body.

The rules of this latest one are simple. From a book entitled *The Baffle Book or Murder*, containing some 20 or 30 unsolved mysteries, your hostess picks a particularly juicy one, reads aloud to the assembled guests all the gory details, displays a ground-plan of the library where the crime took place, and then hands you a pencil and paper. The correct answers are in the back of the book, and after you have written down your theories, you can compare your solution with the correct one, and rate your detective ability according to an elaborate system of credits.

So far I haven't guessed a problem yet. Which is really why, in self defense, I have prepared the following Baffle Book of my own, containing several knotty problems for someone else to

solve. Observe the clues, deduce, reason — *don't guess or jump to conclusions*. When you admit yourself completely baffled, then turn to the Answer Section.

And there, gentle reader, is where *I* get the breaks for once. I know the correct solutions already.

No. 9.

THE THEFT OF THE EAST TWITCHERLY FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Probably no mystery case in recent years has proven more spectacular than the daring theft, in broad daylight, of the First National Bank of East Twitcherly. This crime is unique in that it is the first case on record in which the robbers stole not only the contents of the bank, but the bank itself. How would you explain the baffling mystery?

On the morning of January 3, the citizens of Tuppence, Vermont, were aroused by the sight of a stranger passing through town with a suspicious limp. They did nothing about it, however, and the stranger disappeared. He was never heard from again.

In the meantime, however, the police of East Twitcherly, Nebraska, received an excited telephone call one morning three weeks later that the First National Bank on Main Street was missing. Upon investigation it was found that the bank had been stolen and that the President, a Mr. Peters, had likewise disappeared.

The First National Bank of Twitcherly was a handsome two-story building in the Grecian style, composed of red brick and flanked with four marble columns made of cement and weighing four tons each. On one side of the Bank Building was an Atlantic and Pacific Tea Store, and on the other side was a small Pet Shop owned by a man named Harry Geebs and containing, in addition to the owner, a number of dogs, cats, marmosets and goldfish. He also repaired Irish Mails.

The robber, or robbers, had done his, or her, job well. In place of the missing Bank they had sought to avert suspicion by substituting an uncanny imitation of the original building, which was likewise in the Grecian style, two stories high, composed of red brick and flanked by four marble columns made of cement and weighing four tons each; but instead of the familiar sign over the door "First National Bank," this clever reproduction bore the legend "Whale Blubber Bought

and Sold." Inasmuch as there was little call for whale blubber in East Twitcherly, either to buy or to sell, the robbers were in no danger of being disturbed by inquisitive customers. Of the original bank building there was not a trace.

At the time of its mysterious disappearance the First National Bank had contained over four thousand dollars in nickels, in addition to a number of blank checks which could of course be filled out by the criminals at their leisure. After considering the matter thoroughly Sergeant Runkle, who was called in on the case, came to the conclusion that the motive of the robbery was theft. The clerk in the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Store was instantly freed of all suspicion when it was learned that he had been employed formerly as an usher in Roxy's Theater; and consequently the finger of the law pointed to the proprietor of the Pet Shop, Harry Geebs. He vigorously denied all knowledge of the crime, claiming that he had been busy in the back of his shop all night, polishing goldfish. Sergeant Runkle, however, pointed out that instead of polishing goldfish Geebs might just as easily have been digging a tunnel into the vaults of the First National Bank next door. Geebs explained triumphantly that this was impossible, since there was no tun-

nel; but Sergeant Runkle, not to be outdone, promptly countered by digging one. On the strength of this proof, Geebs was searched, and in his pocket was found a nickel. He was arrested.

A second baffling feature of the case was the prolonged disappearance of President Peters. This mystery was finally cleared up by Mr. Peters himself, *who walked out of the blubber store unassisted four days later*. He could not explain how he had come to be in there. The few known facts are summarized in his naïve account of the strange affair, which he submitted to the police:

"On the morning of January 24, I was seated in the vaults of the First National Bank, counting nickels, when three masked men entered, introducing themselves as representatives of the Old Gold Cigarette Company, and asked me if I would consent to a blindfold test. I was rather flattered by this tribute to my prominent position — not to mention the remuneration — and consented to be blindfolded, after which they put a cigarette into my mouth and lit it for me. At the end of four days I began to

grow suspicious, so I removed my blindfold and discovered that the rascals had disappeared, taking my keys and, apparently, the Bank."

After diligent search of Geebs' pet shop had failed to reveal the missing bank, he was reluctantly released. President Peters resumed his business in the Whale Blubber Store, which subsequently became known as the Second National Bank. The First National Bank was never recovered.

Acting upon the information contained in this story, Sergeant Runkle was able to arrive at several important conclusions. How would you have reasoned and acted in this emergency? The questions to be answered are:

1. Who was the "Master Mind" of the gang that stole the Bank?
2. What was the connection between the stranger in Tuppence, Vermont, and the robbery in East Twitcherly?

[*The correct solutions, together with other mysteries by Mr. Ford, will be found in Vanity Fair for March.*]



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ROGER W. BABSON (p. 739) is a famous statistician and business prophet, and the founder of the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

WILLIAM E. BORAH (p. 742), United States Senator from Idaho, is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

STUART CHASE (p. 745) will be remembered as the author, in collaboration with F. J. Schlink, of *Your Money's Worth*. Since then he has been studying one of the fundamental problems of the day: What, exactly, is the machine doing to us? In his forthcoming book, *Machines*, he will try to lay the groundwork for a rational study of the subject. Mr. Chase is the president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York.

MARJORIE WELLS (p. 749) is fond of reading, bridge, outdoor sports, the theater, and good conversation, but finds the days a little too crowded at present for excessive indulgence in any of them.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS (p. 758) has varied his distinguished career in the business of advertising by motor trips abroad, and has become a connoisseur of highways.

THOMAS E. MITTEN (p. 761), Chairman of the Board of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, is the man who has made "Mitten Management" a magic phrase among the residents of Philadelphia.

WALTER B. PITKIN (p. 766) describes himself as a "mere professor of journalism" (Columbia University), but he has had his figures and plan checked up by many engineers and no one has yet been able to find a serious flaw in them.

LIONEL D. EDIE (p. 769) has been associate professor of economics at Colgate University, professor of economics at Indiana University, and professor of finance at the University of Chicago. Dr. Edie is the author of a number of books, among them: "Principles of the New Economics," "Stabilization of Business," and "Gold Production and Prices Since 1914."

ELMER DAVIS (p. 722) is an astute observer of and commentator on the political and social scene. He has also written several short stories and a number of novels, the latest of which is *Giant-Killer*.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN (p. 755) is a director of the People's Institute of New York, and a lecturer on social psychology at the New School for Social Research and at Cooper Union. He is the author of "Psychology: What It Has to Teach You About Yourself and Your World."

WILLIAM HARD (p. 777) is a Washington political correspondent who conducts the William Hard Service for evening papers, and contributes special articles to weekly and monthly magazines.

LOTHROP STODDARD (p. 780) is an author whose best-known work is perhaps "The Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Supremacy."

JACK KOFOED (p. 785) is a feature sports writer for The New York Evening Post, but has served in practically every branch of journalism, from fiction to "ghost-writing" for heavyweight champions.

EDWARD F. ROBERTS (p. 790) is the editor of the Dry Goods Economist.

HARRY L. FOSTER (p. 793) is the author of several travel books, including "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp", "A Beachcomber in the Orient", and "A Gringo in Manana-Land."

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK (p. 801), nationally-known clergyman, is the pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church which will be called the Riverside Church when its new edifice near Columbia University is completed. Dr. Fosdick is the author of many books on religion and life.

JUDSON C. WELLIVER (p. 808) is a director of public relations with the American Petroleum Institute.

SCOTTY ALLEN (p. 811) is a veteran of the Klondike gold rush, and for over 40 years has worked with dogs. Three times he won the Alaskan Sweepstakes — a 450-mile race over ice and snow and sometimes through blizzards with temperatures ranging to 70 degrees below zero. In 1915 he took 400 Alaskan dogs to the Vosges Mountains, organized them into a regular battalion, and carried ammunition to the French troops. And in all this time he has never found it necessary to be cruel to a dog.

HAROLD E. HULLSIEK (p. 814) is instructor in surgery at the University of Minnesota, and is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

MERLE CROWELL (p. 819) is editor of The American Magazine.

